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Wrangell St. Elias News

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty"

Vol. Ten Issue Six

November & December 2001

Two Dollars

What's Right With America!

**Let me tell you what's right with our nation.
Her critics will tell you what's wrong.
She stands on a solid foundation.
Her faith, keeps America strong.**

**We have witnessed her leaders united.
As Americans stand side by side.
Our youth have their spirit ignited.
Glowing with national pride.**

**Our anthem brings us to attention.
The flag is respected and awed.
In our pledge of allegiance we mention,
We're one nation, submitted to God.**

**We've humbled ourselves, as a people.
We were wounded but will not despair.
We hear the bells in our steeple,
Calling our nation to prayer.**

**In spite of our pain and great sorrow.
We're strong, and we'll win this fight.
As we build a brighter tomorrow,
By doing what's noble and right.**

AMERICA'S POET
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A note from the publisher

BY BONNIE KENYON

Winter has finally found its way to our doorstep. The fall season hung on much longer than last year and my neighbors (Rick and I included) relished in the extra time we had for filling the woodshed and picking up after a busy summer.

Due to the need to use this page for our yearly *Statement of Ownership, Management and Circulation*, this issue's *Note* will be short.

I do want to call your attention to *A History of the Kennecott Mines Kennecott, Alaska* by William C. Douglass starting on page 11. I found it especially interesting because I am presently reading Ron Simpson's book *Legacy of the Chief* (see Ron's ad on page 31). The rich history in both items compliment each other. We trust you will enjoy this new issue of WSEN!

Wrangell St. Elias News welcomes aboard the following subscribers: Bruce Kremers, MT; Beth Houghton, WA; Pete Sennhauser, CA; Ken and Pegg Smith, TN; Walter Wood, AK; William

Drewry, IL; Pam Downey, VA; Jim Carkhuff, MT; Jean Girard, WA; Chuck Brady, TX.

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Items of Interest

BY BONNIE KENYON

Thom, Cate, Frances and Maggie Bursch: It's been several years since I've had the Bursch family as an item of interest. They left their Fireweed cabin when Frances and Maggie were much smaller than they are now and set up residence in Homer. This winter the family decided they would like to spend the winter in the McCarthy area. Frances is now nearly 10 years old (her birthday is just around the corner in December!) And Maggie is 8.

The Bursches stopped by the other day for a bit of catching up. Frances and Maggie told me about a wonderful program that the whole family is involved with—The Alaska 4H Puppy Raising Program. The purpose of the program is to train and match guide dogs for the blind. Tupper, a year old male Golden Retriever, is the recipient of the Bursch family's attention and special training this winter. The family was given a folder of "to-do's" for Tupper. One example, says Cate, was to take Tupper on an airplane. Instead of being placed in a carrier and stored in the cargo section, Tupper made the trip from Anchorage to Minnesota sitting at Cate's feet the whole way. He was 6 months at the time and, according to Cate, did very well. The only thing he left behind was plenty of dog hair. Cate says that happens when a dog is nervous. Another "to-do" is to take the puppy shopping. Inside the store? I asked Frances. She nodded but said Tupper has to wear a blue cape that identifies her as a guide dog and permission must

be granted by the store manager.

Tupper was 8 weeks old when the Bursches took him under their wing. He will be with them for another 6 months and then Tupper will be flown by Alaska Airlines to Palm Springs, Ca. for further training at a school called Guide Dogs of the Desert. If he passes the test, Tupper's personality will be matched up with a blind person.



WSEN staff photo

CATE, THOM, MAGGIE & FRANCES.

Frances says most puppies are sponsored by a company. Although she wasn't sure of Tupper's sponsor, she couldn't help but wonder if Tupperware has anything to do with Tupper's education. Only 50% of the puppies who enter training make graduation. If Tupper does complete the course in flying colors, one or more of the Bursches may be invited to attend the celebration.

Cate is homeschooling Frances and Maggie and Thom is finishing up a root cellar project. Sounds like it didn't take long to get back into the routine of bush living! Welcome back, Cate, Thom, Frances and Maggie. We

look forward to seeing more of you this winter.

Jim, Jeannie, Stacie and Aaron Miller: The Miller household was full of activity the day I called Jeannie. She was engaged in a cleaning project in the kitchen and packing for a trip to Grand Rapids. Jim, Jeannie, Stacie and Aaron are flying to Michigan for Matt and Julie's wedding scheduled for November 3. Jeannie says her sisters Sam and Terry will be attending, as well as other family members. After the wedding, Jim, Jeannie, Stacie and Aaron will take a side trip to Washington and visit both Jim and Jeannie's moms before returning to Kennicott mid November. Sounds like a family-packed adventure for the entire Miller family!

Lane Moffitt, Betty Adams and Kaylin: What do popsicles, a greenhouse, a computer and a new kitchen stove all have in common at the Moffitt/Adams' residence? Lane, Betty and Kaylin's attention. Betty and Kaylin are experimenting with ice tea and cherry-flavored popsicles and all three are sampling them, says Lane. Also, Kaylin is learning to use the computer and mouse and doing very well. Perhaps you can teach your dad how to at least turn it on, Kaylin!

Betty is looking forward to her new kitchen range soon to be installed. I have a feeling Betty will be making good use of that purchase real soon!

Don, Lynn, Sarah and Rene Welty: When I called this evening looking for an item of interest from the Welty family, Sarah told me she, her sister and mom were

preparing to leave for the big city in the morning. Don was due to arrive in Anchorage returning from a two month flying job at a hunting camp. The Welty ladies plan on meeting up with him and do some serious shopping for their winter supplies. The girls can hardly wait to see their dad and, Lynn, well let's just say she's been missing him for 2 months!

Sarah said that shortly after they come back and unload their supplies, the entire family plans on taking a mini trip to Cordova. Don has a deer hunt set up and Lynn and girls will visit good friends.

Sarah and Rene really enjoyed a couple classes they participated in recently. Catie Bursch shared her expertise with the local young people on the art of drawing. Catie and daughters Frances and Maggie held a beading class as well. There is certainly a lot of talent for such a small community!

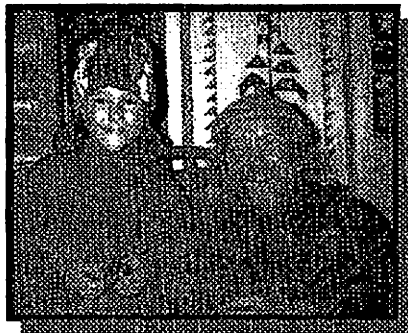
George Cebula: George is really making the rounds in the neighborhood these days. Most dog owners make sure their animals get plenty of exercise so they dutifully take them for walks or provide them a dog kennel. Watching George and Sophie the other day caused me to think that instead of George taking Sophie on a walk, it was really Sophie who was taking George on a walk. She knows



exactly where she wants to go and when and has a way of letting George know, too!

When she and George visit, Sophie likes to join in on the conversation and does quite well at holding her own. We're just not quite sure which side she is on! No matter, she has a right to her own opinion.

The other day George needed to run an errand on the spur of the moment so he put Sophie in her new dog pen. Sophie wasn't impressed! She simply opened the door and came over for a visit! Take heart, George, any dog that can determine her own fate can certainly learn all sorts of tricks. Just ask Sophie.



WSEN staff photo

"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST," SAYS MARK!

Mark Vail and Tessa Bay: When the Bursch family stopped by the other day, they were accompanied by Mark and Tessa. Tessa Bay, 8 year old daughter of Kelly and Natalie Bay, was going home with Frances and Maggie for a few days of rest, relaxation, fun and schoolwork.

I asked Tessa how she liked homeschool (fine, she said). Does she ever get homework? (Yes, every night!!) Really? I blurted. She quickly picked up on my sympathy for her plight and smiled.

Mark, who lives in close proximity to the Bursches, was busy arranging his plans for a trip to New York City. He informed me that several other McCarthyites were attending Kris Rueter and Sam Gregory's wedding on Saturday, October 27. Mark and I started counting on our fingers those we had heard were planning on making the trip. Let's see, besides Mark, there is Andy and Cynthia Shidner, Jeremy and Kirsten, Elizabeth and Avery, and Nancy Cook. Mark said they hope to meet up with Katy Steger who has been spending some time in New York. I'm looking forward to a full report, Mark, when you get home!

Ed LaChapelle and Meg Hunt: Meg tells me she and Ed are thoroughly enjoying the fruits of this summer's labors. Her "intensive gardening" procedure with raised beds is working extremely well. In fact, a 7 sq. ft. bed brought a harvest of 22 lbs. of carrots, says Meg. Good sauerkraut this year and the tomato vines hanging upside down inside the cabin are still producing ripe tomatoes and the onions are successfully drying as well.

Since our first snowfall of the season brought us a good foot of fluffy snow, Ed and Meg are doing a good amount of skiing. The snowmachine is poised and ready for use when necessary and both Ed and Meg are settling in for the long winter months ahead.

Chad Reymiller: Speaking of settling in now that winter has officially arrived in McCarthy, Chad is back in the area. This year he brought a new snow-machine, his favorite mode of winter transportation, and a new (for him) pickup truck. He's already started on a "to-do" list for the completion of his log

cabin and taking some time to visit his neighbors. Welcome back, Chad!

Chris Richards: Another "welcome back" to Chris, who recently returned from a visit with his mom in Los Angeles. He and Rudy had a wonderful time and the weather was absolutely beautiful. Rudy even had a playmate—Chris's mom's dog which is a 90 lb. black poodle. I don't know how much Rudy weighs but he's no slouch and he's white so the threesome probably drew some attention on their trips to the park.

There's no place like home, however, and Chris must have used at least three "reallys" in describing how glad he and Rudy were to be home.

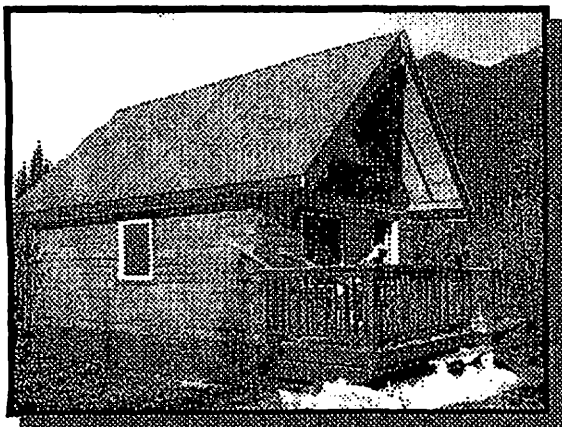
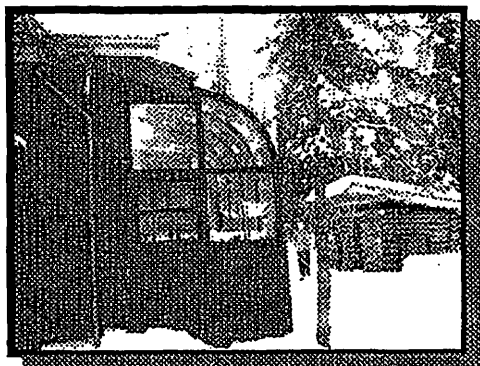
On a different note...Chris related a rather unfortunate incident which occurred to him this last summer. He and his manager, Dave, returned from a shopping trip into town and left their truck full of materials parked on the west side. One item they really needed was the new

chainsaw bar and chain which they had purchased. When they returned to begin the job of transferring their supplies across the river, they discovered to their dismay that the new bar and chain had been stolen and replaced with a used bar and chain! Not such a pleasant experience, says Chris! If it was a joke, Chris isn't laughing, and he feels bad that someone would do that to such a nice guy!

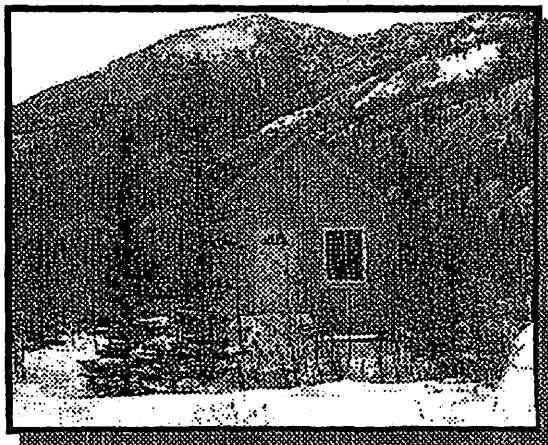
Jim and Audrey Edwards: Everyone seems to be digging out their skis, snowmachines and the like. Jim says he is busy modifying his Troy-Built tractor to aid him in his winter snow-blowing projects.

Both Audrey and Jim are excited about their new sun room, complete with hot tub. Those long, dark winter months are just ahead of us and I'm sure the Edwards are looking forward to taking advantage of all the sunlight they can get!

Al and Fran Gagnon: All is well at May Creek, reports Al. A fabulous fall and an active birdfeeder. I visited with Fran awhile, too, and the signs of winter have shown up in their neck of the woods. Al has put their 4 wheeler away and brought out the snowmachine. The long johns have come out of storage and Fran is knitting like mad while she and Al root for their favorite Baseball team. The Gagnons are really enjoying their satellite TV dish. I asked Fran if she and Al are cheering for the same team. She assured me they were! The more her team wins, the faster she knits. With the World Series coming up, maybe we all should get our wool sock orders in to Fran!



WSEN staff photo



WSEN staff photo

SEVERAL NEW CABINS SPRANG UP IN THE MCCARTHY AREA THIS SUMMER. THIS IS ONE OF THREE THAT BELONGS TO PAT PRODEN AT MILE 58 1/2 ON THE MCCARTHY ROAD. (BEHIND THE NPS KIOSK)

THIS NEW CABIN IS AT GLACIER VIEW CAMPGROUND. IT WILL BE READY FOR RENTAL DURING THE SUMMER SEASON 2002.

Opposition to Wayside project growing

BY RICK KENYON

After two canceled meetings in McCarthy, a meeting in Anchorage where public opinion was heavily weighted towards "no-build," and numerous impassioned letters from local residents and property owners along the path of the proposed Kennicott River Wayside project asking the Department of Transportation and Public Facilities (DOT&PF) to abandon the plan, planners in Juneau are scheduling yet another McCarthy meeting in November.

The meeting scheduled for September 12 at McCarthy was canceled in the wake of the terrorist attacks on New York and Washington, D.C. About 20 people plus three DOT&PF representatives attended the Anchorage meeting September 18. The owners of the Glacier View Campground, Chris Epton and Chuck Gretzke, were visibly shaken when they viewed drawings of the proposed project—one of which would take their entire campground/restaurant area. They reiterated their commitment to continue to provide free parking for locals and strongly opposed the project.

Other property owners, Stephen and Kelly Syren spoke against the project. One of the proposals is to take their existing parking lot at the Kennicott River, a second proposal is to build a public parking lot in the right-of-way on the Syrens' property—a right-of-way that is contested as to width and property rights. Only two of the 20 in attendance spoke in support of going ahead with the project. Thea Agnew, president of the McCarthy Area Council called the written responses to the "Issues and Options" mailout "bull ____." (The majority of those responding favored putting any parking lot on the east side of the river, and converting the existing bridge to accommodate vehicles.) Bob Jacobs, of St. Elias Alpine Guides, also spoke in favor of DOT&PF providing a free, unattended parking lot, then added, "I feel like a salmon trying to swim against the current." Chip Dennerlien, president of the Alaska chapter of the National Parks and Conservation Association, said it didn't look like there was need for another parking lot, but

thought that DOT&PF should have some presence at the end of the road. After the meeting, I talked with Mr. Dennerlien and he spoke very highly of the new process called "chip seal" that the state is using instead of pavement. Many at the meeting chided the DOT&PF for pursuing projects such as the wayside, rather than using resources to upgrade the road.

Project Manager Janet Brown rescheduled the McCarthy Meeting for October 12. About a dozen local residents showed up for the meeting, but inclement weather prevented the DOT&PF planning team's arrival. They were coming in by chartered airplane. National Park Service representatives did fly in for the meeting, but Chief Ranger Hunter Sharp refused a request to show up at the meeting site to talk to those assembled about the NPS's current position on the project.

Just before going to press, we learned that another meeting is scheduled for November 14, 1PM at the McCarthy-Kennicott Community Church.

Village Safe Water project

BY BETTY ADAMS

The Kennicott McCarthy Chamber of Commerce received a \$50,000 grant from Village Safe Water (VSW) and has been working with the McCarthy Area Council and other area residents to conduct a study to develop a Master Utility Plan for the McCarthy-Kennicott area.

There have been three public meetings in McCarthy with the engineering firm doing the study.

At the most recent meeting the consultant gave a 65% presentation which defined conclusions and recommendations for capital improvements and recommended alternatives.

The Chamber had the opportunity to apply for an additional grant from VSW to drill three test wells in order to determine if groundwater would be a suitable drinking water source. The Chamber Board of Directors voted against applying

for the grant at this time. The Master Utility Plan is only 65% complete and they wanted to complete this study first. Also, the deadline for grant application did not allow sufficient time for community input.

In September the Chamber and the McCarthy Area Council sent out a letter to community members and area property owners requesting that everyone review the options and express a selection of a viable option for

completion of the Master Utility Plan. They sent 170 letters but only had 30 responses. From the responses it was clear that there was a lot of confusion, that not enough information had been

given in the letter, and that many concerns had not yet been addressed. Limited response time and world events were also a problem. Because of this, the Chamber will be sending out

another letter that will include growth rate charts, Operation and Maintenance costs, and an additional option. The 95% final draft will be returned to the community for final review.

Horses Return to Chitina

BY DIANNE ELLSWORTH

Nearly one hundred years ago, horses in and around Chitina were a common sight. They were used to build what is now the Edgerton Highway, haul railroad supplies, building materials and other freight into the then booming town of Chitina. Al Taylor, who has been a Lower Tonsina area resident for over 50 years and who grew up near Chitina told me about the horses of past years. "There were thirty to thirty-five draft horses owned by the A.R.C. (Alaska Road Commission) construction crew plus a draft horse my father had out at Five Mile, (where the Chitina Airport is now). Another couple of horses were used in a Chitina freighting company--they used to drive their sledges right through our front yard, delivering supplies across the river ice to the trails that went inland to the gold miners in the mountains. That was seventy-four years ago, when Chitina was the only town around. Glennallen wasn't built then and the only school around was in Chitina. My brother and I would ride our horse to school when it was warm enough and we went by dogsled when it was too cold. Ten miles round trip each day to school."

The horses of Chitina pulled out stumps, cleared land for roads and buildings, pulled in the original railroad equipment for the Kennecott mines. These horses were massive and strong, doing the work of dozens of men

and making the construction of the railroad a reality. On the working backs of these steeds, alongside large teams of sled dogs the towns of Chitina, McCarthy and Kennecott were born. But as the horses improved the Edgerton trail into a drivable highway, their successes brought about their own demise. Harsh winters and the cost of importing hay made horse ownership impractical; most disappeared as soon as trucks could travel the then dirt Edgerton Highway and trains could run the rails from Kennecott to Cordova.

Horseflesh has always been a staple of the canine diet; even now when a horse needs to be put down because of poor health or an impossible injury, the body most often goes to a dog musher or is used for trap line bait. Frozen ground makes burial impossible most of the year. One local family used four cords of firewood to burn the body of their beloved steed, rather than protect it all winter from wolves and birds. Who knows what happened to many of these magnificent workers of the first part of the 20th century?

Horses have made a small but significant comeback to the town of Chitina. My partner, Barrie Shepherd, and I own McCarthy Road Farm and Rides, of Mile 15, McCarthy Road. We now have eleven horses and each summer we take them to Chitina, where they have become a common part of the landscape. Three of our horses are half

draft, resembling their predecessors in their massive musculature and quiet demeanor. The rest are of the riding variety, mostly warm-blooded mix breeds that are best suited for mountain riding. (For those readers not familiar with horseman's nomenclature, warm-blooded refers to a calm breed of riding horse, typically a Quarterhorse, that does not have too much hot blood, or excitability, like the Arabian. Draft breeds are considered cool blooded and are the easiest to work with although not always the most comfortable to ride as their broad backs force you into the splits and their heavy hooves can jar your teeth out when they pound the ground.) All eleven of our horses were frequently seen around Chitina town and down O'Brien Creek the past two summers. (O'Brien Creek is the local name for the road that leads south from Chitina down the Copper Canyon but which is actually the Copper River Highway, or Wally's Road, as a certain governor attempted to reconstruct the old Kennecott railroad bed into a drivable highway, only to be stopped by federal regulations. Now the road is being redesigned into a non-motorized bike trail that will eventually reach Cordova, this time with Federal approval. Thankfully, it will be a pedestrian and equestrian trail as well.)

One family cannot ride eleven horses, not even one with

four kids like ours. At times some of the riders are tourists, who have seen one of my ads or read a Chitina business flyer or just seen the horses around town. I guide adventure trail rides and give riding lessons to help raise money for the hay that the horses will need during the year. Even grown locally in Kenny Lake, hay costs more than \$300 per ton, or between \$7-\$10 a bale (compared to \$40/ton in the lower 48.)

Other times our horses are ridden by local Chitina youth who are in a new chapter of 4-H that has sprung up in the past year. We have seven members here in Chitina who are active in the 4-H club that I help advise (with Marlene Wenger of Kenny Lake). Since we have the only horses in Chitina, the kids spend a lot of time at my barn doing chores in exchange for riding.

The chores nearly always involve horses, so the kids are really learning about all aspects of horse care as well as learning how to ride. I brought home a new filly the other day and the 4-H members proceeded to analyze her, asking me if I realized that she had a parrot lip, but reassuring me that she had good legs, neither cow-hocked nor pigeon-toed. I was surprised

at how much they'd learned in just one summer with 4-H.

In the fall the horses are moved back to Barrie's homestead on the McCarthy Road at mile 15. A year-round spring makes watering the horses easier there than keeping them at the Ellsworth house in Chitina, where water comes off the mountain during the summer months only. In the summer a horse drinks 20 gallons of water a day, in the winter it drops to five to ten gallons per horse—that's still a lot of water to have to haul by truck all winter.

We ride at the homestead whenever people are interested. It just takes a little more time to get out the road, so people can't do it at the spur of the moment like they sometimes do here in Chitina. As for riding in inclement weather, all you need is a strong constitution, bunny boots and other winter clothes. The horses seem to do just fine, even at zero, though we don't let them do any running then. This area doesn't get enough snow to prevent riding and the trails are actually easier to travel in winter because the muskeg is frozen. When it gets really cold, like below twenty-below, we put the horses in the barn. The barn, by the way, is a remolded walk-in

refrigerator unit that was purchased in sections from a grocery in Valdez and hauled up by truck. It works great—super insulated so that even at minus 50 the horses warm it up just with their body heat. We had to put in multiple vents so that it wouldn't sweat, it gets so hot. Alaska stimulates minds toward constant recycling of materials!

Horses are hard to keep here in Alaska, but they are worth it. There is so much to see from the back of a horse. It's quieter than a 4 wheeler or snow machine and you can cover more ground with more gear than a person on foot, plus the view is just a bit prettier, a few feet higher, you see more.

Riding around town reminds one of the old days when Chitina was just being built and riding out in the wilderness takes you to a time immemorial, views and wildlife of outstanding nature. As you clip clop down the Copper Canyon, ride past all the struggling four wheel rigs, around road-blocks and over the landslides that stranded so many fishermen this summer, you really get a sense of leaving civilization behind. But on your horse, you feel anything but alone. They just feel right and I hope horses can be a part of Chitina for a long time to come.

Porcupines and Terrorists

BY JIM DREWRY

The sun glowed off the yellows and golds of fall. The glacial melt of the Kennicott River had dropped to its lowest yet. Whole new gravel bars were revealed. I walked up along the bank early that morning towards the Tramstation. A slender woman was speaking into the solar powered phone. She had a water bottle in her hand.

As I walked up it became obvious she was distraught. I asked her how she was doing and she said, "Not well."

Her dark reddish brown eyes were wide as she explained. She was going back to the lodge for more vinegar.

Her dog had a mouth and a paw full of porcupine quills. She had been trying to get them out by herself with a pair of those collapsible pliers. The Akita, Eli,

was suffering and had been so since early this morning. Maria had discovered it when checking the dogs.

Apparently she had ridden her bike the 2 miles up and across to the lodge already. They had given her the vinegar to soften the quills and speed their removal.

Mike, a fellow from the guide service, stopped to see if he could help. As Maria rode off for

more vinegar, Mike and I went in the Jeep to see if we could comfort the dog.

They barked as we walked up. Fifteen of the sweetest sled dogs you ever saw, and 2 or 3 pets. Out from the back of Jeremy's red musher truck they stood on the ground and doghouse roofs, stretched along the chain. Each on a lead and each with its own little plywood hay-filled house. There lay Eli amongst them with disturbed eyes. I had my heavy winter gloves on—as if that would protect me from those potentially bone crushing jaws. At least they'd keep the hair off—I'm allergic. We talked to him consolingly and he let me pet and rub his back and side. We both did. He was in sad shape. There was blood on his front left leg, from where I didn't know. When Mike held his collar and tried to turn his head up so we could see, Eli resisted and almost snapped at Mike's hand—who backed off immediately. We both did.

This was a powerful young dog in his 95 pound prime. A creature of beauty and strength. Sire to a great line of sled dogs.

I write "snapped," but he didn't, really. He fake snapped. His mouth was too full of quills to snap. We didn't know the dog and we'd had only a glimpse of his face and mouth. Half a beard of black-tipped ivory quills abounded in the lower left side of his face and a handful were imbedded in his mouth. Maybe 60 quills.

My stomach tightened and my brows furrowed. He let us pet him again and we put a chain leash on his collar. Maria rode up on her bike.

I think we sort of held him while she tried putting more vinegar on the quills. He slipped his collar. He got away from us.

He pawed his snout and hobbled on one foot almost falling down—the anguish was apparent.

We talked to him. She must have gotten the collar on. He pseudo snapped at her too. She loved the dog Eli, and had been taking care of them all for a week, but he wasn't her dog either. Eli was Jeremy's best friend. Jeremy, a young musher, was working around McCarthy this summer getting ready for the winter season. He was a good guy with a ready smile that was hard not to like. And his dogs reflected Jeremy's goodness. Maria was taking care of the lot of them while Jeremy was off to the East Coast for a wedding. None of us wanted to get bitten and didn't quite know what to do, though Mike had done this job before. By the way he was acting he obviously knew the perils involved. Eli hadn't bitten us yet and maybe he did sort of snap at us, but it was in hurt and pain. He could have ripped us up quite easily. He knew we were there to help him.

As I write this it's a week since the terrorist attacks on the East Coast. The radio is playing a medley of American music from Lovin' Spoonful, Bob Dylan, Cher singing the Star Spangled Banner. From time to time emotions have welled up from deep inside in empathy with the heartbreaking news from the East Coast. The stupidity of humans in their destruction. Our little towns of McCarthy and Kennecott shared in the disbelief of the nation. We may be 137 miles from a state trooper and be in the middle of North America's prime wilderness area, but we have technology.

In this part of the world when your car breaks down it's the next car that stops to help you. When the radio brought the

news most of us folks sort of sought out others. I listened in disbelief to my radio. I thought this is a really poor taste version of War of the Worlds. But it didn't stop. Then the second plane hit—then the news from Arlington and Pennsylvania. I headed up into the campground to see Bob from Valdez. He came around his table and clasped a soft fist to his heart and looked down. He said nothing. We spoke of other things and I wandered over to Glacier View Campground where I found Chris had been half asleep listening to Art Bell when the first attack came. He said he didn't know if he was dreaming or not. He never went back to sleep that night. Woke the Kenyon's with the news at 6:30 AM. A little man who lives over off Dan Creek came up to the café and joined us. He took the news to two Israeli campers around the loop. One shortly appeared wanting more information. "D___' crazy Jihad," he muttered.

I left and wandered over to the Kenyon's, ostensibly for propane and some other business, but more just to be with folks. They'd seen all the footage off the satellite and the phone had been ringing on and off again all morning. Rick says to me, "You don't have any bombs on you, do you, Jim?" He pats my jacket pocket.

"Only an energy bar and a can of Sprite," I respond with no smile. Our feeble deadpan humor served as a greeting as we walk through the garden to the propane.

Back at the house it was on TV. Hard to believe. And there she stood shuttering in her death agony—and another plane appeared, and headed right for the twin—and crashed right into it! Flame and a fireball burst out

the other side in a screaming rage of orange fire! It was a sick cheap Hollywood movie. It couldn't be real—all those people working in those buildings...

Days had passed, and folks were dealing with it in different ways. It's the end of the season here in McCarthy and friends are saying good-bye and some are getting ready for freeze-up. We are blessed with sunshine and warm temperatures inviting us to distraction, with this American tragedy ongoing. The frustrations, grief, and myriad private emotions left us open to other's needs. We were going through the stages of grief.

Here in Jeremy's camp was suffering and pain in my very arms that I might be able to do something about. I rubbed Eli's taunt powerful shoulder muscles and tried to talk soothingly to him. He was trusting us. This beautiful young American girl with her auburn/brown waist length ponytail needed help. Eli outweighed her. The three of us reconsidered. We left Eli alone to calm down and Jeoped back to the phone.

We discussed vets. I called up to Kennicott Lodge and Pam there went through the phone book to give us the closest vet to McCarthy—three hours to Copper Center. A quick call revealed an answering machine and no assistance. Copper Center isn't that big. I called the lodge there to see if anyone there happened to know where the vet was. No. The next one was in Valdez. No human answering the phone there either.

We stood around the phone and it rang: Pam from Kennicott Glacier Lodge again. More advice coming in. Cut the tips of the quills off with scissors. That will release the pressure inside a

little air pocket in the quills and make them easier to pull.

Across the bridge came Matt and Julie. Newly engaged and glowing in their own moonbeam. They had their four wheeler. Behind it rolled their new engagement gift trailer. It had yet to be used, and here was its first job. They quickly agreed to transport Eli up from camp to the McCarthy Lodge. It's new owner had told Maria if she could get the dog up there, he'd help. We had also been referred to Jeannie Miller as one who knew how to deal with this.

The four wheeler followed the Jeep back to Jeremy's camp. Eli was exhausted and took commands and pettings and a leash, then jumped/hobbled into the back of the trailer with Maria and me. We spoke consoling sounds and petted and held him. Matt and Julie took us up all the way. Eli was not well. It was a long two miles. Pulling up in front of the Lodge, Mr. Diggen came out with his apron on, wiping his hands on a towel.

"Doctor, where do you want the patient?" I said. We were an eye-ful.

"How about in the blue house."

We walked Eli up the stairs into the workroom. Autumn came out to help. Mr. Diggen took control of the situation. He held his head and half sat on Eli. Autumn had his front legs. I grabbed his rear ones and Maria his middle and we tried to bring him down. Eli was having none of it.

"Tie his legs together," ordered Mr. Diggen, and I tried. Eli didn't help. With all of us on the dog I got a few wraps of duct tape around his paws.

"Up over his hocks," directed Mr. Diggen.

I wrapped some more. They were secure. I went for his front legs. He squirmed and snapped. Almost got away. Almost got me. I found myself staring at his tonsils past flashing canines, inches from my face. I backed off. His collar came off. Mr. Diggen grabbed a choke chain and somehow got it on. We were going now.

Mr. Diggen dominated the dog. Eli resisted but to no avail. Trying to squirm away. I got a wrap around. Mr. Diggen had him now and Autumn and Maria had their full weight into the effort and we finally got Eli on his side. As quick as I could, I wrapped up his front paws.

"Hog tie him!" ordered Mr. Diggen.

I ripped a length of duct tape from the roll and tied the four legs together. We had him now. Perhaps with a knee on the chain, Mr. Diggen had Eli down and was yanking a few quills out. Eli fought and gnashed. Eli cranked his jaws down on the pliers. Several times I heard teeth and steel in slow motion. I thought, "He must be breaking his teeth." Mr. Diggen's brother came through. I don't know if it was Pope that handed Mr. Diggen the hammer. The grip covered handle was stuffed lengthwise back between his jaws like a bit. He resisted. With Maria, Autumn, Pope, Mr. Diggen and I working together, we subdued the dog.

Mr. Diggen didn't stop. He fought the dog. Yanking quill after quill out with efficient determination. And Eli gasping. I don't think we could have done it without Mr. Diggen. And Mr. Diggen might not have been able to do it without the choke chain.

Finally he was done.

He turns round to me and says, "You get the ones in his paw."

For the first time I see them—ten, maybe twelve pearly teeth white-black tipped quills sticking out of the hair and soft flesh between the pads. There was nothing to do but accept the pliers and grab Eli's foot. I pulled them out. Each one, after getting a grip, I'd yank. Sometimes a little hair would come too. My world shrunk to include a sphere about 2 feet around as I did it. Poor Eli. And then there were none. I felt between the pads. No quills left.

"Cut him loose," Mr. Diggen said.

My Swiss Army knife split the silver tape on the rear legs and he struggled to get them on the ground.

"Everybody out," ordered Mr. Diggen, his grip firm on the choke chain. I sliced the last tape and headed for the door behind

Autumn and Maria. Mr. Diggen stood and exited quickly as Eli gasped for air. We left him alone to calm down.

"Now's time for a beer," Mr. Diggen says.

He might have been calm, but I know Autumn, Maria and I were still in the midst of the adrenaline surge. Maria and Mr. Diggen went into the bar. I went into the dining room and had coffee with his Mom. She laughed at our seriousness. Her years of bush experiences enabled her to put all this in a better perspective. Together it worked out.

We went back to the blue house. To our relief, Eli was wagging his tail. He was wagging his tail! He hobbled and tried to jump up and lick Maria. Mr. Diggen had two Eli teeth marks sunk into the top of his forearm. He hadn't said a word about it.

They looked like a vampire bite. Canine breaks. Mr. Diggen was the hero of the situation, but we did it together.

After a good bit, Maria and I walked Eli slowly down to the bridge. They stayed there while I went for my Jeep, still at their camp. Returning, I put the tarp down inside and we coaxed Eli in. His head was bleeding a little from inside his mouth. He was exhausted, but much better off. I took them home.

This last week of national crisis had provoked many emotions, debates and much soul searching. What would our nation do. We wanted to root out the many headed terrorist monsters from their lairs and pits like so many quills from a dogs mouth. If only it would be so easy. If only.

A History of the Kennecott Mines, Kennecott, Alaska

BY WILLIAM C. DOUGLASS

Kennecott, Alaska, where the great Kennecott Copper Corporation had its modest beginning, is located on the east side of the Kennecott Glacier, at an elevation of about 2,200 feet, on the south slope of the Wrangell Mountains. The Kennecott Glacier with a width of about four miles at Kennecott, runs in a general north south direction and heads about 16 miles to the north in an enormous ice field stretching along the east-west summit of the Wrangell Range at elevations of 13,000 to 16,000 feet. Mt. Blackburn is the highest mountain with an elevation of 16,140 feet. Four miles below Kennecott at the town of McCarthy the glacier is receding and becomes the head waters of the Kennecott River.

Near Kennecott three creeks, National, Bonanza and Jumbo, join the glacier from a north-easterly direction.

McCarthy Creek also joins the Kennecott Glacier and River at McCarthy with its headwaters in the same general area as National, Bonanza and Jumbo Creeks. Nikolai Creek is a tributary to McCarthy Creek, joining it about eight miles above McCarthy.

The Kennecott River flows into the Nizina which in turn joins the Chitina about 15 miles southwest of McCarthy. The Chitina then flows west for about 70 miles to join the Copper River at the town of Chitina. From there the Copper River runs approximately south for about 130 miles to the Gulf of Alaska near Cordova.

Cordova and Valdez are the

two principal sea ports in this area and they are about the same distance, 120 air miles from Kennecott.

EARLY EXPEDITIONS — COPPER RIVER DISTRICT

Implements of copper were reported to have been seen in the hands of Copper River Indians by early Russian explorers and traders who visited the mouth of the Copper River long before the mineral resources of Alaska were considered to be of value.

The first interest in such resources by the U. S. Government was in 1884 with an expedition directed by the Army under the command of W. R. Abercrombie. Leaving Seattle on June 1st, Lieutenant Abercrombie, with a doctor, two other officers and a troop of 16 men,

landed on June 16th at Nuchek on Hinchbrook Island. This was the closest entry for the larger ships, and it was also the trading post used by the Copper River Indians.

The Copper is a large temperamental river, glacier-fed and joined by many glacier-fed tributaries which in the early summer months cause turbulent floods carrying large masses of ice and boulders. Fifteen miles above its outlet into the Gulf of Alaska the river starts to fan out from its one channel to form an enormous delta having a spread of fifteen miles where it spills into the sea. The many channels through this delta are continually changing and the river is completely unsatisfactory for navigation.

Notwithstanding the warnings of the Indians against an attempt to ascend the river, Lieutenant Abercrombie and his troop made a valiant but futile attempt. In two months' time of extreme hardship they had only reached the Childs and Miles Glaciers, about a 20 mile advance, and they then faced the dangerous rapids which were named Abercrombie. A retreat was made back to Alaganik, another Indian village close to the westernmost outlet, and from there the expedition made a sea voyage by canoes to the port of Valdez. They had just sufficient time to reach there and make a quick reconnaissance before freeze up.

A second attempt to ascend the Copper River was made in 1885 by Lieutenant Henry T. Allen under the direction of the War Department. Heeding the experience of the Abercrombie expedition, Lieutenant Allen was instructed to reach the mouth of the river at least by March, so as to ascend it on the ice. He was

accompanied by Sergeant Robertson and Private Fickett [Pickett?]. Landing at Nuchek they added Peter Johnson, a prospector to their party. Johnson's partner, John Bremner, had started up the river in the preceding year with a group of the Indians from the interior, and Johnson was extremely anxious to follow and rescue Bremner, who was rumored to be stranded in an Indian village.

Lieutenant Allen left Nuchek on March 20, 1885, with his three white companions and three Indians. They had a rugged trip, using canoes to start from Alaganik, with their sleds loaded on the canoes, and alternating from boating to portaging for the first ten miles. The balance of the trip was nothing but hardships under difficult weather conditions, but on April 15th they reached Tarel, an Indian village just below the mouth of the Chitina River. There they found John Bremner in a destitute condition and practically starving with a small group of Indians belonging to the tribe of Chief Nikolai. With a short rest and arrival from the Allen provisions, the Indians guided the expedition to the main village of Chief Nikolai by a four-day trip up the Chitina River to the mouth of the Nizina and then following the Nizina to Dan Creek. They found that this village was considered to be in the heart of the mineral region, and the chief pointed out to them the locality of a vein which at that season of the year, April, was inaccessible. He also gave them some samples of bornite (sulphide of copper and iron) and they were informed that some other samples obtained in the district had been sent to Boston for assaying with results

showing up as high as a content of 60% copper. The copper used by Nikolai and his people for utensils and bullets was found in the form of nuggets in nearby streams.

Concurrent with the discovery and activity of the Klondike, within a 100-mile radius from the Copper River and its tributaries there was a rush of prospectors to Valdez in the spring of 1898. The same W. R. Abercrombie, now a captain, was given another assignment in Alaska, this time for a military reconnaissance of the Valdez-Copper River area. During 1898 and 1899, with adequate facilities, both men and pack horses, his troop surveyed and established a military road from Valdez to Copper Center.

Frank C. Schrader, Arthur C. Spencer and Oscar Rohn, geologists of the U.S.G.S., were attached to the Abercrombie expeditions of 1898 and 1899, and they contributed valuable information to guide the prospectors. The limestone-greenstone contact that is the dominating structure along which the Kennecott ore bodies occurred, was noted, studied and described by them as an important geological horizon with favorable mineral possibilities.

As a result of this activity the importance of Valdez as a year-round seaport entry for both Alaska and possibly the Yukon was widely publicized. Stephen Birch, a young mining engineer in New York City, became interested. He convinced some influential friends, Mr. and Mrs. Havemeyer, that he was serious in a desire to go to Alaska in search for minerals, and the Havemeyers and a few associates agreed to provide all expenses and arrange

for a proper connection to aid him. Subsequently, through Washington connections, Stephen Birch landed in Valdez with a request to Captain Abercrombie to attach him to his assignment in a civilian capacity. The story, from some of the old timers, is that the Captain was not too happy about this request and that some further pressure had to be forthcoming from Washington before young Birch was accepted. However, from that point on Birch apparently traveled extensively with the troop and kept in close touch with the prospecting activities.

DISCOVERY OF THE MINES

The Nicolai Mine is located on the creek of the same name, a tributary to McCarthy Creek. The ore occurrence was probably the one that Chief Nikolai pointed out to Lieutenant Allen as it is visible from Dan Creek. It was revealed to Edward Gates by an Indian named Jack, who was able to find it from directions furnished by the Chief. It was located in July, 1899, with ownership by the Chitina Mining and Exploration Company, an association of nine men headed by R. F. McClellan.

This group was returning to the Nicolai to develop their property in 1900 and at Valdez they were joined by two "sour dough" prospectors, Jack Smith and Clarence Warner. Smith and Warner accompanied the Nicolai crew as far as McCarthy, where they parted from them to follow along the east side of the Kennecott Glacier.

As one looks up at the mountains to the northeast from the Kennecott Glacier, a well-defined contour line immediately catches the eye at

about 6,000 foot elevation. This is the same contact between the Nikolai greenstone and the Chitstone limestone noted and reported by the U.S.G.S. geologists. It can be traced for about 75 miles in a northwest, southeast direction from the Chitstone River to the Kotsina River.

The Nicolai Mine is close to the contact, and all members of the Nicolai group had been in close touch with the U.S.G.S. geologists and their opinions on the contact. Smith and Warner were searching for an approach to the western extension of this favorable structure from the Kennecott Glacier. They took off to the northeast at Bonanza Creek, and after following this up to timber line, about 4,000 foot elevation, they could not miss seeing the outstanding green cliffs of copper which crowned the Bonanza Mine. The story is told that the prospectors were looking for horse feed at the time and first mistook the malachite for green grass.

The discovery was made the first part of August, 1900, and it was so rich that Smith and Warner immediately returned to the Nicolai to bring their nine friends to see the Bonanza. It was then located by the eleven-member partner association, the Chitina Mining and Exploration Company.

Arthur Spencer of the U.S.G.S. made an independent discovery of the Bonanza shortly after, while mapping the contact, and his description of the original outcrop appeared in the *Geology and Mineral Resources of a Portion of the Copper River District Alaska* by Frank Charles Schrader and Arthur Coe Spencer, published by the U.S.G.S. in 1901.

The claims located by the stakers covered over a mile in length along the limestone-greenstone contact. The original Bonanza outcrop was described by Spencer as a true fissure vein which cut across the contact, though for some distance below the contact it was barren. The mass of the ore was in the limestone, from the contact to a height of perhaps 150 feet along the slope of the hillside, with widths varying from two to seven feet. The ore was practically pure chalcocite with solid masses exposed from two to four feet across, 15 feet or more in length and their depth not apparent. Besides the ore within the fissure there were also bedded ore bodies running off into the limestone along the planes of stratification. He stated that "the relations of the ore are such as to indicate that it was formed as a replacement of the limestone. A sample collected gave over 70 percent of copper and 14 ounces of silver, besides a trace of gold."

One mile to the northwest along the contact from the Bonanza, there was a small outcrop of chalcocite which flared on one of the limestone beds about 50 feet normally above the contact. This outcrop was 15 feet long by 12 feet thick. From it, a narrow vein which broke through the bedding, contained about 18 inches of chalcocite and malachite. This was the surface expression of the Jumbo Mine which was the greatest producer of the four mines, the Bonanza, Jumbo, Erie and Mother Lode, which were eventually opened up in the district.

ACQUISITION OF THE
BONANZA AND JUMBO MINES
BY STEPHEN BIRCH

Stephen Birch was in Valdez when the members of the Chitina Mining and Exploration Company returned there in the fall of 1900. He was apparently greatly impressed by their reports of the unique outcrop of the Bonanza, and when one of the owners needed cash he bought a 1/11 interest. Stephen Birch was an energetic, determined individualist, and after visiting the property he was never diverted from his drive to obtain complete control of it. With the backing of the Havemeyers he succeeded, paying \$25,000 each to the other owners. The property then passed into the ownership of Alaska Copper and Coal Company with H. O. Havemeyer as President. This company, with Stephen Birch as manager, opened up sufficient ore and favorable possibilities to interest a Guggenheim-Morgan combination. In 1908 the ownership passed to the Kennecott Mines Company, and in 1915 it became the Kennecott Copper Corporation with Stephen Birch as President.

A RAILROAD FOR THE MINES

Valdez was first picked as the best seaport outlet for a railroad and the Havemeyers started surveys from there in 1907. Further consideration brought out the importance of coal deposits at Katalla and the project was switched to that port. However, a safe harbor was not practicable at Katalla and Cordova was the next choice. In the meantime M. J. Heney, financed by Boston capital, had started to build from Cordova. Competition arose but the Havemeyers were able to negotiate a deal for the right-of-way via the Copper River

Valley with retention of M. J. Heney as Construction Manager.

The railroad passed over sloughs, streams and deltas to Mile 39 on the east side of the Copper River and then recrossed it over a steel bridge at Mile 49. It then passed between Childs and Miles Glaciers into Abercrombie Canyon along its course on the west side of the Copper with magnificent scenery for 82 miles to Chitina. It was necessary to cross the Copper once more just above its junction with the Chitina River. Here, where the spring ice flows were terrific, another steel bridge was considered but found impracticable, and the alternative was a pile bridge with reconstruction of new bents each year after the floods took their toll. From Chitina the road followed the west side of the Chitina River, then the Nizina and Kennecott Rivers to Mile 196 at Kennecott. Many construction problems were encountered but they were taken in stride by M. J. Heney, a great railroad builder, and his sturdy crew of engineers and construction men.

Thus the Copper River and Northwestern Railway was completed in 1911 at a total cost of \$23,000,000. Its maintenance required a crew as large as needed for the mines and mill, and to keep the rails clear in the winter through the Copper River Flats, the largest rotary snow plows in the world were required.

The site for the mill and townsite were chosen on the east side of the Kennecott Glacier where Bonanza Creek joins the glacier. The elevation of this site is 2,200 feet, and it is 4 miles by trail to the mines. The elevation of the main adit level of the Bonanza Mine is

5,600 feet.

CONSTRUCTION OF MILL, TRAMWAY AND POWER PLANT

While the railroad was under construction, equipment for a 400 ton mill, a 16,000 foot aerial tramway and a power plant, was transported over the trail from Valdez by pack horses and double-ender sleds. In the Fall of 1911, the railroad was completed and shipments of high-grade ore and mill concentrates were started. The original mill was entirely gravity concentration with Hartz jigs, Hancock jigs and Wilfley and Deister tables.

Exploration by tunnels was started at the Jumbo Prospect before the Bonanza came into production, and in a few years the Jumbo was proven to have larger and richer reserves than the Bonanza. A second aerial tramway, about 16,000 feet in length, was constructed from the Jumbo to the mill, and this mine started on actual production about 1913.

I went to Kennecott in April, 1916. At that time the Bonanza and Jumbo Tramways had a capacity of about 450 tons each on a three-shift basis. They were both running up to maximum capacity, as Kennecott was one of the important producers of copper at the start of and throughout World War 1. In 1916, the Bonanza Tramway was handling about 375 tons per day of mill ore, averaging 7½ % copper and 25 tons of high grade, averaging 50% copper. The Jumbo Tramway was handling a total of 400 tons per day, 225 tons of mill ore at 7½ % copper and 175 tons of high grade at 70%. Copper production from the two mines was 10,000,000 pounds per month.

COMPARISON OF KENNECOTT AND BUTTE COPPER PRODUCTION

The following comparison is interesting:

I had left Butte, Montana, to go to Kennecott. At that time, the Anaconda Copper Mining Company had 30 shafts operating in Butte, some of them down to a depth of 4,000 feet. The shafts were equipped with fast, up-to-date hoists of hundreds of horsepower each. There were 15,000 men employed in the Anaconda Company's Mines. Anaconda was producing 30,000,000 pounds of copper per month. Kennecott was operating two small mines through single compartment incline shafts. Bonanza Shaft was on a 30 degree incline 600 feet deep, vertically, driven along the bottom of the ore body, and it changed slopes several times. The hoisting equipment consisted of a 35 horsepower electric hoist pulling two 1-ton cars coupled together. The cars broke over a knuckle at the Main adit and were then uncoupled and trammed by hand to the tramway bins. Jumbo Shaft was on a 33 degree incline with a dog leg in it, and 700 feet vertical depth. It was equipped with a 50 horsepower hoist and a 1 1/2 ton skip. The total payroll of the Kennecott Mines, Mill, Surface, Power Plant and staff was 550, yet these two small mines were producing 10,000,000 pounds of copper per month, one-third as much as the 30 deep mines of the Anaconda Company in Butte, Montana. The cost of Kennecott copper at that time was 4 3/4 cents per pound, delivered in New York.

The Kennecott Mines did not at that time have a large reserve,

in fact they never had more than four years of proven ore ahead of them. By 1916, the cream had been taken from the Bonanza, but the Jumbo was still going strong. The famous Jumbo high grade stope, probably one of the richest blocks of ore ever mined, extended from the 3rd to the 5th level. It was solid chalcocite for a stope length of 350 feet, with a width of 40 feet and a height of 40 feet.

There were 70,000 tons of 70% copper ore mined from this block. The high grade also contained over 20 ounces of silver per ton, when silver was fixed at \$1.00 per ounce by the Pittman Act. After all the high grade had been recovered, we mined the mill ore from the sides and roof, and filled the open stope with about 150,000 tons of 13% copper ore.

DESCRIPTION OF ORE OCCURRENCE

The ore occurrences of the Bonanza and Jumbo Mines, one mile apart and with outcrops at about the same elevation 5,600 to 6,000 feet, were unique and interesting. They both occurred in fissures which broke through the various beds down to the greenstone with very slight evidence of faulting. In a few places there was ore right down to the greenstone, but the most favorable horizon proved to be about 75 feet normally above the contact. The first fifty foot thickness above the greenstone is made up of four members, the shaley, pyritic, crinkley and dull grey limestone, all usually sparse in mineral. Above them the beds of lively crystalline dolomite begin. The dolomitization increased upward and the big masses of chalcocite spread from the fissure outward into the bedding. The fissures were

replacement lodes varying from 3 to 15 feet, but the spreads out along the bedding planes or faults were irregular with widths as much as fifty feet. The greatest widths seemed usually to occur at the point of strongest dolomitization, and from these widest points the ore usually tapered gradually in the upward continuation. The ore bodies had heights, normal from the bedding, up to 200 feet and with the widths of minable ore, above the high grade, tapering from an average of about 30 feet to 3 feet, they were prolific producers.

EXTENSIVE EXPLORATION DRIVES

The Bonanza Ore Body continued downward only to the 700 foot (vertical) level. The Jumbo Ore Body also bottomed on the 700 level. With this restriction of new ore at depth, it was recognized as early as 1917 that the best chances for additional reserves was from lateral exploration. An aggressive program was started in 1917 with a 5,000 foot connecting tunnel between the two mines on the Bonanza 500 level. The theory of the productivity of the dolomitic beds had not been developed at that time, and part of the Bonanza Jumbo crosscut was above the favorable horizon. (I should explain that the term "crosscut" was applied to tunnels at right angles to the strike of the ore bodies, although such tunnels were drifts in relation to the bedding.) Even though this Bonanza-Jumbo crosscut was not in the favorable horizon for the full length, one new ore body was encountered about 500 feet west of the Bonanza Ore Body, which was eventually connected up with the Mother Lode Mine to make the great Bonanza-Mother Lode Vein. It eventually was mined for a slope length of 3,300 feet. The Bonanza-Jumbo

crosscut was followed by the Jumbo-Erie crosscut, 12,000 feet in length, driven from two points, the Jumbo 1,500 foot level and the main adit of the Erie Prospect. Careful surface mapping, under the direction of Dr. Alan M. Batemen, consulting geologist for Kennecott, had located the favorable structure, and this tunnel was kept in the dolanitic beds. Three ore bodies were opened by this work. Later, on this same level, another long crosscut was extended from the Jumbo to the Mother Lode Mine, and thence to the surface at McCarthy Creek. The favorable horizon was thus prospected a strike length of over 20,000 feet on this level.

After the two prospectors, Jack Smith and Clarence Warner, had sold their interest in the Bonanza-Jumbo Group of claims to Stephen Birch, they continued to prospect in the Kennecott area. They located another group to the north of the Bonanza, on the opposite slope of Bonanza Peak. This was about a mile distance in plan, but several miles by trail. They called this new prospect the Mother Lode Group. The outcrop was in the higher beds of limestone about 1,200 feet above the limestone-greenstone contact. A rather persistent fracture of 1 to 2 feet in width, with copper stain, and weak mineralization of chalcocite and malachite, outcropped for at least 200 feet. The Mother Lode Mine was started on this showing by the Mother Lode Mines Company about 1910 or 1911. A wagon road up McCarthy Creek, for about 13 miles, and one mile of aerial tramway were constructed for transportation of supplies and ore shipments.

Several adit tunnels were driven on the vein, which opened up some commercial ore with widths up to about 5 feet. A

vertical winze or interior shaft was started from the main adit with the intention of reaching the lower dolomitic beds, which were productive in the Kennecott Company's Mines. By 1919, this interior shaft had reached the 1,000 foot Level, with intermittent, limited production from several levels. The Mother Lode Company did not have a mill, so their income was dependent entirely on high grade shipments. As a result, the operations had not been profitable and a large investment had been made by the Shareholders.

ACQUISITION OF THE MOTHER LODE MINE

There were some very severe snowstorms in the area in the spring of 1919, and destructive snowslides followed. The Kennecott Mines were completely cut off from all communications with the Mill Camp for several days, as all telephone lines were down and the trails could not be used because of continuous slides. Several towers on each tramway were demolished by the slides, and the cables were carried down the mountains as much as a mile from the tramway right-of-way.

The Mother Lode Mine suffered serious reverses from the slides. Their men lived in the tunnels for a couple of days, when the slides were booming around the bunkhouse. Their tramway and power lines were badly wrecked. New capital was needed for repairing the damage and for further exploration, and a deal was made with Kennecott. Kennecott agreed to advance up to a certain sum for exploration work, for which they would receive a 51% interest, and they would have operating control. A new three-compartment incline with modern hoisting equipment had reached the 1,200 Level of

the Bonanza Mine by 1919, and after this deal had been concluded, the Bonanza and Mother Lode Mines were connected by driving a 1,200 crosscut. The only ore available for shipment from Mother Lode at that time was some milling ore, about 5% copper, from the old dumps. While this was being recovered with slushers, crosscutting was underway on the lowest level, in what we considered the favorable horizon. In a few months' time, we had developed favorable widths of chalcocite, and the new Company, the Mother Lode Coalition Mines Company, paid a \$.10 per share dividend on 2,500,000 shares at the end of the second year. Mother Lode became a very profitable mine, and as mentioned above, its ore body eventually connected up with one of the ore bodies which was developed by the Bonanza-Jumbo crosscut to make the great Bonanza-Mother Lode Vein.

The main adit of the Mother Lode was the 1,200 level of the Bonanza. From this level, the main Mother Lode three-compartment incline was started, and this eventually reached the 2,200 foot Level where the Bonanza-Mother Lode Vein finally became non productive. All the Mother Lode ore was hoisted through the Bonanza Shaft, weighted and sampled in the main level, and then transported to the mill over the Bonanza Tramway.

ERIE MINE

The fourth mine of the Kennecott Group, the Erie, was more or less of an eagles nest in the cliffs above the Kennecott Glacier, four miles north of Kennecott. The 12,000 foot crosscut, which connected it with Jumbo, made *(continued on page 24)*

Good news from the Wrangells

BY BONNIE KENYON

Since the heart wrenching incidents of September 11th, I have experienced a steady flow of compassionate and encouraging email from friends, family and WSEN subscribers. First of all, thank you for taking the time to share these uplifting words with us. My desk is overflowing with them today. Deciding which one or ones is challenging as they are all so special. I finally choose two. The first article is entitled Good News. We all need a generous dosage of that, don't we? The second choice may be a repeat but, needless to say, a reminder that would serve us well to read daily.

The Good News

This information needs to be passed on to the whole world in hopes that it would shine some light for them.

By now everyone has been hearing the death toll rise and reports of the destruction from the terrorist attacks on the U. S. These were deplorable acts that we will never forget. But now is a time to look at the other side of the numbers coming out of New York, Washington and Pennsylvania.

The sad but somewhat uplifting side that the mainstream media has not reported yet—the SURVIVAL rates and some positive news about the attacks.

The Buildings

The World Trade Center—The twin towers of the World Trade Center were places of employment for some 50,000 people. With the missing list of just over 5,000 people, that means that 90% of the people targeted survived the attack. A

90% on a test is an 'A'.

The Pentagon

Some 23,000 people were the target of a third plane aimed at the Pentagon. The latest count shows that 123 lost their lives. That is an amazing 99.5% survival rate. In addition, the plane seems to have come in too low, too early to affect a large portion of the building. On top of that, the section that was hit was the first of five sections to undergo renovations that would help protect the Pentagon from terrorist attacks. It had recently completed straightening and blast proofing, saving untold lives. This attack was sad, but a statistical failure.

The Planes

American Airlines Flight 77. This Boeing 757 that was flown into the outside of the Pentagon could have carried up to 289 people, yet only 64 were aboard. Thankfully 78% of the seats were empty.

American Airlines Flight 11. This Boeing 767 could have had up to 351 people aboard, but only carried 92. Thankfully 74% of the seats were unfilled.

United Airlines Flight 175. Another Boeing 767 that could have sat 351 people only had 65 people on board. Thankfully it was 81% empty.

United Airlines Flight 93. This Boeing 757 was one of the most uplifting stories yet. The smallest flight to be hijacked with 45 people aboard out of a possible 289 had 84% of its capacity unused. Yet these people stood up to the attackers and thwarted a fourth attempted destruction of a national landmark, saving untold numbers of lives in the process.

In Summary

Out of potentially 74,280 Americans directly targeted by these inept cowards, 93% survived or avoided the attacks. That's a higher survival rate than heart attacks, breast cancer, kidney transplants and liver transplants—all common, survivable illnesses.

The hijacked planes were mostly empty, the Pentagon was hit at its strongest point, the overwhelming majority of people in the World Trade Center buildings escaped, and a handful of passengers gave the ultimate sacrifice to save even more lives.

Don't fear these terrorists. The odds are against them.

(Submitted by Carolyn Elliott)
Have A Great Day

If God had a refrigerator, your picture would be on it. If He had a wallet, your photo would be in it. He sends you flowers every spring. He sends you a sunrise every morning. Whenever you want to talk, He listens. He can live anywhere in the universe, but He chose... your heart.

Face it, friend—He is crazy about you! God didn't promise days without pain, laughter without sorrow, sun without rain, but He did promise strength for the day, comfort for the tears, and light for the way.

(Submitted by Diane Ludwig)

"God who gave us life gave us liberty. Can the liberties of a nation be thought secure when we removed their only firm basis, a conviction in the minds of people that these liberties are a gift from God?" —Inscription on a wall of the Jefferson Memorial in Washington, D. C.

OUR TOWN

November 1926 December

BRIEF LOCALS

Ben Jackson bought the property owned by Bill Johnson on Front St. The deal was closed Wednesday.

Ben isn't giving out any information as to his future plans.

Dr. Gillispie and family of Kennecott left on today's train for the States. Their return is uncertain owing to the Dr.'s ill health. Dr. Barkwell will remain in charge of the hospital.

Arhans and family left on Wednesday's train for the States, where they will make their home. Mr. Arhans was employed for several years as section foreman on the C. R. N. W. Railway.

Andy Taylor of mountain climbing fame returned from the sheep ranges, minus sheep, all owing to the warm weather meat will not keep.

J. B. O'Neill, left for Cordova on Wednesday's train where he will be joined by Mrs. O'Neill and daughter Molly O. They will leave on the next boat for Seattle on a business trip, until after the holidays. This is the first trip outside in several years for Mr. O'Neill. His

brother Charlie and wife, will have charge of the business and other affairs during his absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Johnson left on today's train for Southeastern Alaska, where they expect to locate. Although, Bill says, he may go back to Sweden.

A. R. C. NEWS

The Road Commission crew, now engaged in cutting out the double ender trail to the Chitina River, are taking advantage of the splendid weather and are making rapid progress. No snow, and very little frost to hinder operations.

The Sourdough Hill road is still passable for cars. It being the first time in the history of McCarthy, that the road could be used the entire season. Due to the efficient work of Mr. Cameron and crew of the A. R. C.

WHEN YOU HAVEN'T A GUN

The Roadmaster of the Copper River R. R. ran into a big band of sheep making a crossing from one mountain range to another, with his speeder, on the way from Chitina to McCarthy, having no fire arms they got away

unharmd.

Nov. 9

BRIEF LOCALS

Jimmie Peterson, victim of peculiar accident. Now in hospital. While loading sheep, which he had killed the day before onto his packhorse, at the headwaters of the Nizina, a few days ago. The animal suddenly came to life and with one last effort to avenge itself, let fly with both feet sending "Jimmie" to the hospital.

A NEW FUR FARM

Harry C. Bosch, "Poet Trapper," who some four years ago planted beaver in three large lakes near the headwaters of the Lakina River, then later planted these lakes with salmon for the beaver to brouse on, says the bloomin' fish became ferocious. They chased the beaver to the hills, where they are now camped in bear dens.

WOMAN TRAVELER GOES ON RAMPAGE

Seward, Nov. 8—Nellie Walker world's capital hiker, created a panic on the Seward-Anchorage train when she treatened with drawn pistol to "clean out the train." Brakeman McKinzie disarmed her

and took a bottle of moonshine away from her. She was jailed at Anchorage.

McCARTHY WOOD SAW

SNYDER BERRY

WOOD SAWING

8 in. To 14 in.

\$4.00 PER CORD

16 IN. TO 22 IN.

\$3.50 PER CORD

24 IN. TO 18 IN.

\$3.00 PER CORD

Nov. 13

BRIEF LOCALS

Another real estate transaction took place the 'fore part of the week, when Sam Seltenreich bought the Johnson building from Ben Jackson.

Otto Bloom had his foot seriously hurt when a car run over it, he is under treatment at the Kennecott Hospital.

Nov. 20

BRIEF LOCALS

George Flowers of Long Lake was a McCarthy visitor over the holidays. He has his trap line ready for the winter's catch.

The Westover was entertained several evenings the past week by a wolverine, after he had gotten away with a ham, bacon and a quarter of

beef, it was thought advisable to invest in some traps.

CHITINA NEWS

Oscar Breedman is a McCarthy visitor today. He will return to his home in Chitina tomorrow and will leave for the outside on the Yukon sailing the 6th. The Chitina Hotel is closed and will be opened on Mr. Breedman's return in the spring. He plans on enlarging the building then to handle the tourist trade.

Tom Smith has purchased the lunch room and pool hall from Frank Johnson.

O. Ballard has opened a restaurant in the Bergonzo building. Mr. Bailard was formerly with the Alaska Road Commission.

James Smith, a Copper Center trapper, about fifty years of age was burned to death when his cabin was destroyed by fire. No details of the disaster are known. Mr. Smith was buried at Copper Center.

Chitina radio fans are enjoying the winter. Everyone is getting outside stations with very little static.

LONSDALE KLOCKENTGER

On November 14th at McCarthy, United States Commission E. E. Chamberlain united in

marriage, Wm. S. Klockentger and Hannah Lonsdale, of Kennecott, Ben Jackson and Mrs. Ed Saindon, witnessing ceremony. Mr. Klockentger is a mining engineer employed by the Kennecott Mining Corp. And Miss Lonsdale is teaching in the Kennecott schools. The young couple kept the marriage a secret for several days before making it public. Their numerous friends were much surprised when it became known and in order to show their appreciation gave them an old fashioned shivaree. Mr. and Mrs. Klockentger are now enjoying housekeeping in one of the Company's cottages.

Nov. 27

BRIEF LOCALS

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Olson of Kennecott, entertained Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Iverson, and Mrs. and Mrs. J. P. Hubrick to turkey dinner last Saturday evening.

G. C. "Shorty" Gwinn had the misfortune to dislocate his shoulder, while helping load hay.

Miss Ferris arrived on Tuesday's train, she will take the place of Miss MacElwan on the nursing staff at the Kennecott Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Iverson and Capt. and Mrs. Hubrick were

entertained at a dinner party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Widing at Kennecott Saturday evening of this week.

Dec. 4

BRIEF LOCALS

Born at Kennecott Hospital to Mr. and Mrs. James Bean, Wednesday at 10 am, a 11 1/4 lb. baby boy.

BRIDGE ACROSS THE KENNECOTT RIVER

Friday, the farmers of the valley completed a temporary bridge across the Kennecott River.

There are several farms in this district that will compare with any in the territory, that could readily supply this section with farm products, if they could be brought to the consumer daily.

During eight months of the year, the farmers must depend upon speeder service, which is a great handicap as well as expense.

This is a small matter and requires but little money to build a substantial bridge, and would mean much to the community in general.

Other districts have good roads and bridges. Why not here?

Dec. 11

BRIEF LOCALS

Don't forget the big XMAS Dance in the Pioneer Hall. Kennecott

Jazz Orchestra will play. A good time for all who come.

On Friday afternoon Dec. 24, at two o'clock the McCarthy school children will hold their Xmas entertainment and tree, at the school house. Everyone should make a special effort to attend.

A black wolf pup arrived this week from Chitina for Bill Mahar. He will use him for breeding.

Dec. 18

BRIEF LOCALS

Sam Seltenreich will open his new Chile Parlor on Front Street at 5 o'clock this evening.

There will be a special train tonight carrying first class mail and perishables. It will arrive between 5 and 6 o'clock.

Capt. Hubrick is having new fixtures installed in his building on Second Street. When the work is completed he will have one of the best equipped stores in the territory.

Owing to Christmas and New Years coming on Saturday the News will be issued on Friday.

Word has just been received that there will be an Excursion train tomorrow night. It brings the Kennecott people to the dance and return.

Dec. 25

Permafrost Preserves Clues to Deadly 1918 Flu

This column is provided as a public service by the Geophysical Institute, University of Alaska Fairbanks, in cooperation with the UAF research community. Ned Rozell is a science writer at the institute. He can be reached by email at nrozell@dino.gi.alaska.edu. He wrote this column in 1998.

Eighty years ago, a strain of influenza virus spread across the globe, eventually reaching Brevig Mission in Alaska. Five days after the flu hit the Seward Peninsula, 72 of the 80 villagers in Brevig Mission were dead.

Through a series of events suited to a detective novel, researchers made a connection between Brevig Mission and the flu virus that may help prevent another outbreak of the 1918 flu, one of the worst epidemics ever experienced.

The 1918 flu, which infected 28 percent of people in the United States, killed 675,000 Americans. More than 20 million people died worldwide, most of them young adults.

Dr. Johan Hultin made it a personal mission to find a sample of the 1918 virus he calls "the most lethal organism in the history of man."

A native of Sweden, Hultin was studying microbiology at the University of Iowa in 1949. There, he overheard a virologist say that the clue to understanding the 1918 flu might be found in the bodies of victims who were buried in permafrost.

Before he returned to Sweden, Hultin made a recreational trip up the Alaska Highway in 1949 with his wife. In Fairbanks, he met Otto Geist, the anthropologist whose work led to the founding of the University of Alaska Museum. When Geist heard of Hultin's interest in the 1918 flu, he introduced Hultin to Lutheran missionaries who gave Hultin church records from Alaska

villages in 1918. The records included detailed information on the dead, including where they were buried.

Hultin looked at an Alaska permafrost map and selected Brevig Mission as a place that met the requirements of massive flu mortality and frozen ground that might have preserved bodies. He flew to Brevig Mission in 1951. With permission from Native elders, Hultin, Geist and two Iowa researchers opened a mass grave, marked by two crosses. In the grave, missionaries in 1918 buried the bodies of the 72 people who died of the flu.

Hoping to study the virus to see what had made it so deadly, Hultin's goal was the retrieval of live flu virus from the lungs of the victims. He removed lung tissue from four bodies, closed the grave, and returned to Iowa. In a lab there, he tried to revive the virus using a number of different methods. After he failed, Hultin resigned himself to perhaps never solving the mystery.

Forty-six years passed. In 1997, Hultin, then 72 and living in San Francisco, read an article in the journal *Science* written by a molecular pathologist, Dr. Jeffery Taubenberger. Taubenberger is chief of the molecular pathology division at the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology in Washington, D.C. He and his colleagues developed a method to isolate genetic material from viruses that he applied to the tissue of two young soldiers who died of the flu in 1918. He had access to the

unique samples because workers at the pathology institute have been saving autopsy specimens since the Civil War.

The only drawback to Taubenberger's samples, encased in chunks of paraffin the size of a thumbnail, was that they were extremely small. He needed more to work with, but he did not know where to find tissue of people killed by the 1918 flu until Hultin wrote him.

Using \$3,200 from his savings account, Hultin traveled to Brevig Mission in August 1997. After receiving permission from the elders, he again opened the mass grave. At a depth of seven feet, he saw what he was looking for—a well-preserved body. The body was that of an obese woman. Her lungs, which Hultin removed, were well preserved. Hultin said the body's excess fatty tissue had insulated the lungs from decay during brief periods of permafrost thaw.

With the sample from the obese woman, Taubenberger and Hultin are getting closer to Hultin's original goal of identifying the virus, after which a vaccine can be produced. Hultin said the outbreak of a similar flu is inevitable, and the sample he took from Brevig Mission is important because Taubenberger's small specimens were used up.

"The only sample we now have is there because the elders of Brevig Mission let me go back into the grave again," Hultin said. "They gave us the opportunity to do something good—not just for themselves but for the whole world."

Kennecott Kid Korner

Jane Vickery Wilson 1915 to 2001

Jane V. Wilson, 86, of Richmond Beach, died June 24, 2001 at Evergreen Hospice in Kirkland.

Born April 27, 1915, in Juneau, Alaska, she grew up in Kennecott, Alaska. At 15, she moved to Seattle to attend Lincoln High School and then the University of Washington where she earned a degree in economics. In 1939 she returned to Juneau and met Darrald Wilson. They were married in 1941 and soon returned to Seattle where she worked for a supply company on the waterfront and the U. S. Navy. In the early 1950s, she enrolled at Seattle Pacific to complete an education degree and in 1954 she started teaching first grade at Forest Crest Elementary in Edmonds School District. Later she taught at two other primary schools, Edmonds and Olympic, and after 20 years she retired in

1974. In retirement, Jane and Darrald enjoyed traveling, camping, hiking, golfing, service at their church, and especially, life at home. Jane took daily walks along the trail and beach of the nearby county park, visiting with neighbors she met along the way. She also treasured the fellowship she experienced as a member of St. George's Episcopal Church in Lake City.

On April 26, 2001, Darrald preceded her in death. She is survived by her son and daughter-in-law, David and Marti Wilson; daughter and son-in-law, Sarah and Paul Turner; daughter, Susanne Wilson; grandchildren, Rebecca, Peter, Melissa, Aaron, Tina, and Lindsay; and great-granddaughter, Maia.

Kennecott Kid Inger Ricci submitted Jane's obituary knowing other Kennecott Kids

would want to know. Inger shares her memories of Jane and the Vickery family during their days growing up together in Kennecott.

"Jane was very special to me," writes Inger. "She and her sister, Deb, lived two houses down from me. Debbie passed away about 2 years ago. Though Jane was 4 years older than I was, she never seemed to be watching over me, but I know now she was, as she did her sister also. She was such a kind, loving child. I remember if I'd been at her house after dark, she and Deb would either walk me half way home or watch from the porch. As she grew, she became a great skier and skater and we all admired her so much. Now all the Vickerys I knew are gone. Her mother taught me piano for 6 years. Jane was like her mother."

Governor Knowles: Copper River could be world-class spot

Gov. Tony Knowles presented his plans in September to push forward with construction of a new trail along the upper Copper River.

Building a hiking and biking trail along the Copper River on an abandoned railroad right-of-way from Chitina to Cordova has long been a goal of the Knowles administration. But because the idea consistently has met with resistance, Knowles said that he will now pursue only the upper portion of the trail, from Chitina to Cleave Creek.

"It was united," Knowles said. "We had the Native

corporations, the environmentalists and the fishermen all against us."

Knowles said he hopes to have an environmental study completed on the upper river trail project by next fall before he leaves office. He thinks the new proposal will meet with less opposition because it doesn't pass through lands owned by Chugach Alaska, a Native corporation that owns large tracts of land around Cordova. Chugach Alaska opposed the trail from Chitina to Cordova.

If plans go through for the upper river trail, Knowles

predicts that trekking along the glacier-fed river could become one of Alaska's premier recreation experiences.

"It could become a world-class destination experience," Knowles said. "It's big country. You've never seen anything like it."

The new proposal would use an existing unpaved road for the first section of the trail, from Chitina to Urantina River. Then a new trail would be built from there to Cleave Creek, with an additional 16-mile long spur along the Tiekel River to the Richardson Highway. All told, the

proposal calls for 42 miles of new trail, plus improvements to the 17-mile existing dirt road. The cost: between \$20 million and \$22 million. The state plans to

use federal funds on the project. Public use cabins or larger hut-style cabins would also likely be built along the trail.

(Excerpts from an article by Elizabeth Manning and published in the Anchorage Daily News September 21, 2001)

Book Review — Alone Across the Arctic

BY BONNIE KENYON

With the annual Iditarod Trail Sled Dog Race a few months' down the trail, Alaska Northwest Books is offering a new release to whet our dog mushing appetites.

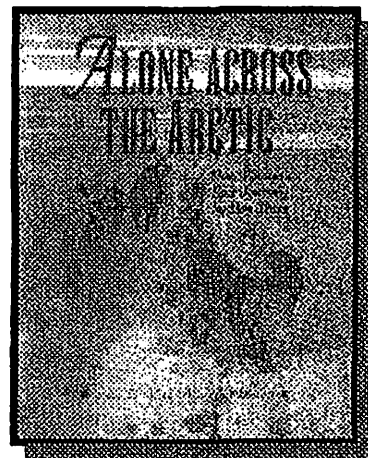
Alone Across the Arctic: One Woman's Epic Journey by Dog Team tells the gripping story of author Pam Flowers's solo 2,500-mile record-breaking trip across the roof of the world. From intense blizzards, melting pack ice to a terrifying run-in with a mother polar bear, Pam shares what life and land is like in the arctic and the utter joy of being truly alone—accompanied only by moody arctic light, her beloved sled dogs and the sound of jingling harnesses.

Pam set out unsponsored with an eight-dog team on December 2, 1992. She writes: "I'd decided to retrace an

expedition taken in 1923-24 by Norwegian explorer Knud Rasmussen and two Inuit companions from Greenland, a man name Miteq and a woman named Anarulunguaq. Together the three traveled the entire length of the North American Arctic coast from east to west by dog team, from Repulse Bay, Canada, to Barrow, Alaska, a journey of 2,500 miles. If I accomplished the expedition, I would be the first female and first American to mush across the same route solo."

This exciting book contains numerous photographs (taken by Flowers), excerpts from the author's trip log, vivid descriptions of close calls and breathtaking adventure, and even some tips on arctic travel...It's an inspiring story, and well told.

Alone Across the Arctic, published by Alaska Northwest Books, is 120 pages, 7" x 9",



contains 30 color photographs, 1 color map and comes in softbound for \$15.95, hardbound for \$22.95.

If this book is not available at your favorite bookstore, you may place a phone order at 1-800-452-3032.

Father of the Iditarod: The Joe Redington Story

BY BONNIE KENYON

Back in 1971, Joe Redington, an energetic man with grit and determination, had a wild idea—organize a 1,000-mile sled dog race from Anchorage to Nome. Thus was born the Iditarod Trail Sled Dog Race. Redington and his marathon race revived interest in sled dogs throughout Alaska and the Northland, where breeding and racing had waned with the arrival of snow machines.

Redington, who never

believed "it couldn't be done," almost single-handedly raised a \$50,000 purse for the first race, making believers out of skeptics. "I went to the banks and they turned me down cold. Some of them said, 'Joe, you're crazy, butting your head against something like that. You don't even know if anybody will get to Nome,'" recalls Redington. "I said, 'Well, they used to get there. Why can't we get there again?'"

Veteran Alaska author, Lew

Freedman, sports editor of the *Anchorage Daily News*, tells the personal, absorbing story of "the Father of the Iditarod." From Redington's birth on the Chisholm Trail, his boyhood in the Depression—homeless, motherless, roaming the country looking for work as a field hand—a young man given a husky puppy when he arrived in Alaska to start a new life after World War II to turning out dynasties of Iditarod champion sled dogs that changed the face of Alaska forever.



Redington lived out the Alaskan lifestyle to the full: subsistence living, commercial fishing, mining, big game guiding. He and his dogs worked for the military. Joe disassembled planes that had crashed in the Alaskan wilderness and brought the pieces out by dog sled. He was responsible for getting the Iditarod Trail designation as a National Historic Trail. He was the first person, along with Susan Butcher, to mush dogs to the summit of Mt. McKinley. He raced in the Iditarod at eighty

years old.

Although this isn't a new release—it was published in 1999—if you haven't yet purchased *Father of the Iditarod* for yourself or your dog mushing friends, this book will make a great Christmas gift.

Epicenter Press is the publisher. The book is softbound, 352 pages, 75 B&W photos and the price is \$16.95. Check with a bookstore in your area or call 1-800-452-3032, Fax 1-800-355-9685 or Email: sales@gacpc.com

Pledge of Allegiance

The late Red Skelton related this story of how his favorite childhood teacher, Mr. Laswell, helped his class understand the words to our Pledge of Allegiance. It seems that Mr. Laswell was concerned that saying that pledge had become just one more classroom chore, and he wanted to breathe some life into those words.

In the words of Red Skelton:

"I've been listening to you boys and girls recite the Pledge of Allegiance all semester," said Mr. Laswell, "and it seems as though it is becoming monotonous to you. May I recite it and try to explain to you the meaning of each word?"

"I"—me, an individual, a committee of one.

"Pledge"—dedicate all of my worldly goods to give without self-pity.

"Allegiance"—my love and my devotion.

"To the flag"—our standard, Old Glory, a symbol of freedom. Wherever she waves, there's respect because your loyalty has given her a dignity that shouts—freedom is everybody's job!

"Of the United"—that means that we have all come together.

"States of America"—individual communities that have united into 48 great states. Forty-eight individual communities with pride and dignity and

purpose; all divided with imaginary boundaries, yet united to a common purpose, and that's love for country.

"And to the republic"—a state in which sovereign power is invested in representatives chosen by the people to govern. And government is the people and it's from the people to the leaders, not from the leaders to the people.

"For which it stands, one nation"—one nation, meaning "so blessed by God."

"Indivisible"—incapable of being divided.

"With liberty"—which is freedom—the right of power to live one's own life without threats, fear or some sort of retaliation.

"And justice"—the principle or quality of dealing fairly with others.

"For all"—which means, boys and girls, it's as much your country as it is mine.

Since I was a small boy, two states have been added to our country and two words have been added to the Pledge of Allegiance... "UNDER GOD." Wouldn't it be a pity if someone said that is a prayer and that would be eliminated from schools, too?

God Bless America!

"Our contest is not only whether we ourselves shall be free, but whether there shall be left to mankind an asylum on earth for civil and religious liberty."—Samuel Adams

"The law...dictated by God Himself is, of course, superior in obligation to any other. It is binding over all the globe, in all countries, and at all times. No human laws are of any validity if contrary to this."—Alexander Hamilton

(Continued from page 16)

a producer of the Erie. An incline shaft developed the lower levels of the Erie, and a second Jumbo-Erie crosscut was driven to connect to the Jumbo 2,400 level. This crosscut did not develop any new ore.

The capacities of the tramways were increased to 600 tons each about 1920. Mill capacity was increased to 1,200 tons per day at the same time. As the Bonanza reserves gradually became depleted, the Mother Lode supplemented it for tonnage over the Bonanza Tramways, and as the Jumbo became depleted, the Erie supplemented it on the Jumbo Tramway.

IMPROVEMENTS IN METALLURGY

While the first Kennecott Mill was only gravity concentration, an ammonia leaching plant was added in 1916. This plant was designed and the leaching process was perfected by Mr. E. T. Stannard, who later became President of the Kennecott Copper Corporation. Mr. Stannard was one of the Kennecott officials who lost his life in the horrible 'plane disaster in eastern Canada in September, 1949.

From 40 to 60 percent of the values in all the milling ore treated at Kennecott was in the form of carbonate copper. There were heavy losses of this carbonate in the gravity concentrator. The ammonia leaching plant made an excellent recovery on the coarse carbonate, down to 1/8th inch size. The finer material could not be leached as it would ball up in the leaching tanks and there was still a loss of 75 tons per day of 3% copper. After a long period of experimental work, a satisfactory method was developed for treating these fines by flotation after sulphidizing the carbonates with sodium sulphide and calcium polysulphide. By the three processes, gravity concentration, ammonia leaching and flotation, overall recovery of the copper was about 96 percent.

POWER PLANT

A limited amount of hydro-electric power (up to 400 horsepower) was developed during the summer months. However, during the winter, water was extremely scarce and the whole plant was dependent on about 100 gallons per minute of new water. Mill and power plant cooling water was used over and over until it was practically worn out. Diesel engines and steam turbines, with a total capacity of about 2,000

horsepower were operated in one power plant at the Mill Camp, using California Oil. Power was transmitted over a high tension line to Bonanza and then across the hill to Jumbo.

PRODUCTION OF ORE, METALS AND MONEY

The Kennecott Mines were worked out and abandoned in November, 1938. The total tonnage mined at Kennecott was 4,626,000 tons containing an average grade of about 13% copper. The total production was 591,535 tons of copper and about 9,000,000 ounces of silver. Based on a weighted average of each year's production applied to the average copper and silver prices for that year, the total value was about \$200,000,000 and the net profit was about \$100,000,000.

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This is in one volume containing the following:

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REPORT OF HENRY T. ALLEN, SECOND CAVALRY, U. S. ARMY, "A MILITARY RECONNAISSANCE OF THE COPPER RIVER VALLEY, 1885."

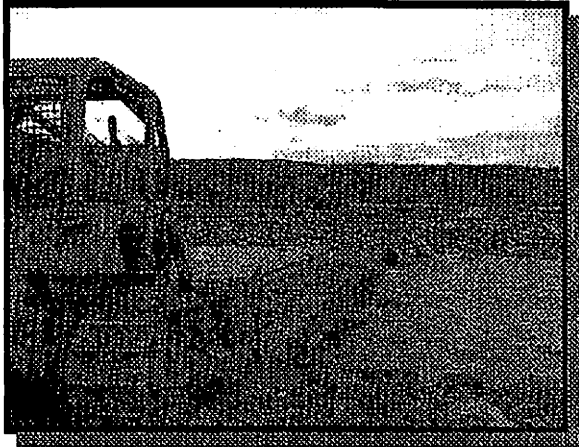
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Private bridge over Kennicott River beset with problems

BY RICK KENYON

Local contractor Randy Elliott has been perfecting his "ford," or "toll bridge," over the Kennicott River for several years now. This latest effort has come at a high price to the resourceful Elliott.

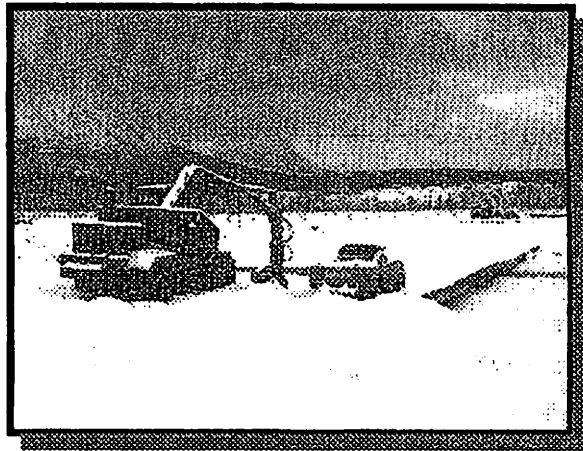


In August, Mr. Elliott was feverishly working to get the bridge completed and installed to meet a deadline for hauling materials for the Kennicott Glacier Lodge, when a large piece of steel that he was cutting fell on him, crushing his pelvis and pinning him down. Fortunately, his helpers were nearby and were able to get a backhoe running and lift the heavy metal off him. He was flown to

Anchorage, where he underwent surgery and spent several weeks in the hospital.

Randy returned to the McCarthy area and supervised the bridge project from a bed in the back of a van. Helpers Guy Holt and his brother Dave pulled the structure into place in October. Unfortunately, the area chosen for the crossing is not an easement, but rather trespasses over a number of privately owned lots. Elliott had been hoping for a contract from the National Park Service, (NPS) but reportedly was told that the NPS cannot use the crossing unless it is moved to a legal easement, and the necessary permits are obtained.

When you have a toll bridge, you need a toll gate. During the first week or so after the bridge was installed, Elliott and crew used a bulldozer to block the bridge to any who had not paid the toll



(which apparently varies from \$100-300 per round trip crossing). Later, the dozer was moved and a large backhoe set next to the end of the bridge, where the bucket could be used to block the entrance.

Shortly after the first snowfall on October 17, as Elliott and Holt were trying to start the backhoe to allow a customer to cross, the backhoe caught fire and burned for several hours. Toll-gate number 3 is a small pickup truck.



Classified

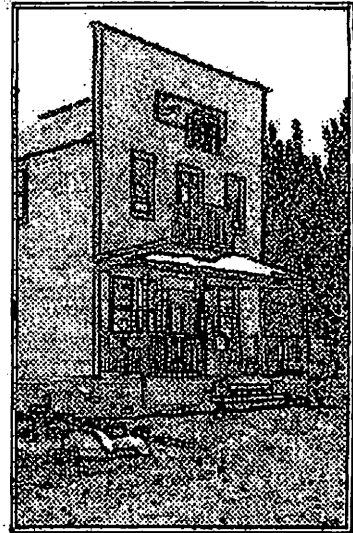
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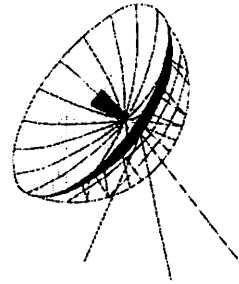
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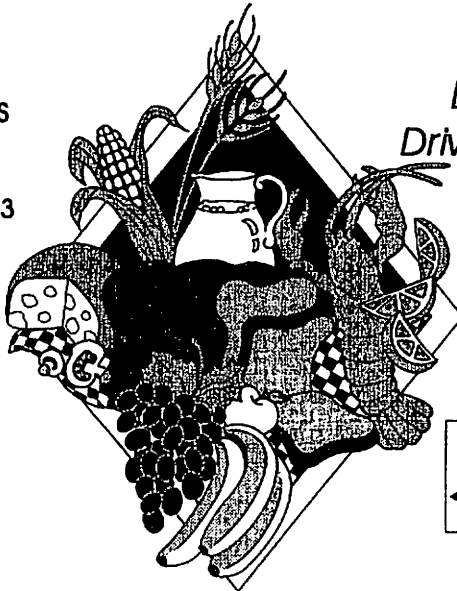
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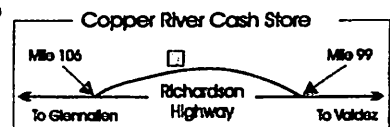
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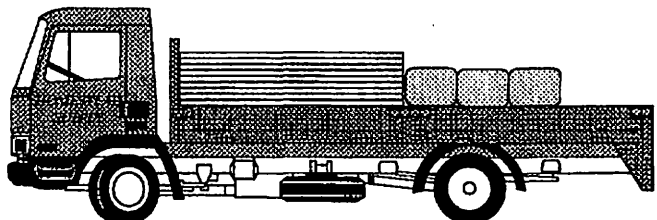
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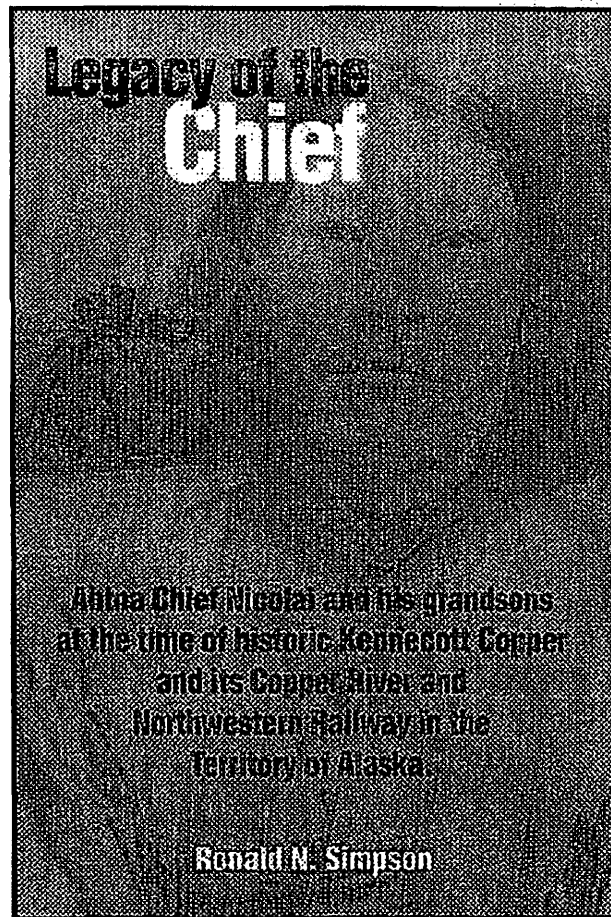
ENOUGH OF THE HISTORY. THIS IS THE STORY YOU WANTED TO HEAR ALL ALONG. AND NOW IT CAN BE YOURS-WITH THE REAL PHOTOS-LOTS OF THEM. SOME OF BLACK AND WHITE IMAGES MAY BE FAMILIAR, BUT MOST ARE NOT. THE PHOTOS ARE THE PRODUCT OF MANY YEARS OF INTENSE RESEARCH. THIS IS THE GENUINE ARTICLE-AND IT'S AN EPIC ONE, INDEED. BECAUSE IT IS MORE REAL THAN YOU WOULD LIKE TO BELIEVE FOR A NATIVE AMERICAN NOVEL.

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Makes a great Christmas Gift!



JoAnne's Cooking Column

BY JOANNE WOOLEVER

Considering the holiday season is upon us, my column this edition will contain several recipes for those that give gifts with a "personal touch." I treasure the presents that my friends personally make for me. Time is such a valuable commodity these days. None of us seem to ever have enough to accomplish what we need or want to do. A handcrafted gift contains the "gift" of ourselves which will be treasured long after the chocolates are a sweet memory.

Herb Vinegar

1 small bunch fresh mint
1 small bunch fresh parsley
1 small head fennel (optional)
2 small white onions, peeled
4 whole cloves
1 teaspoon whole black peppercorns
1/8 teaspoon coarse salt
1 teaspoon granulated sugar
1 teaspoon brandy (optional)
1 quart white vinegar

Fresh herb sprigs (any combination of the following: tarragon, dill, fennel, chervil, lemon thyme, summer savory, marjoram, chive blossoms, rosemary, basil).

Use fresh herbs, picked just before the plants are in full bloom. Combine mint, parsley and fennel (if using) to make 2 cups total. Stud onions with cloves. Place herb mixture, clove-studded onions, peppercorns, salt, sugar and brandy in ceramic or stainless steel bowl.

Bring vinegar to a boil, then pour it over the mixture in bowl. Loosely cover and let stand in a cool place for 2 weeks.

Strain the flavored vinegar through a colander lined with

cheesecloth. Using a funnel, pour the strained vinegar into a sterilized bottle. Add a few sprigs of the herb or herbs of your choice. Seal with cork or lid.

Use within six months. To prevent deterioration, store away from exposure to strong light or severe cold. Yield: About 1 quart.

Herb Oil

Olive oil
8 to 10 sprigs of fresh herbs or herbs dried on their stalks (basil, fennel, rosemary, marjoram, thyme or tarragon, for example)

1 teaspoon whole peppercorns
1 bay leaf (optional)

You will need enough oil to fill whatever bottle or jar you are using. It should have a tight-fitting lid or cork. (A white wine bottle with the label removed works well.) Experiment with different types of olive oils, from extra-virgin to fine, from different countries. The oils vary greatly in flavor and color.

Place herbs, peppercorns and bay leaf in sterilized bottle. Using a funnel, pour the oil over the herbs. Seal with a cork or lid. Refrigerate for three weeks; shake the bottle occasionally. Taste oil. Refrigerate a week or two longer if flavor isn't strong enough. Strain out the herbs. Re-bottle the oil in sterilized bottle. If desired, add a fresh sprig of herb. Store in refrigerator. Yield: 1 bottle.

Note: There is a remote possibility that botulinal spores can germinate in herb oil stored at room temperature. For this reason, it is recommended to refrigerate herb oil during the flavoring period and for storage.

Herb vinegar and oil recipes adapted from "Gifts of Food" by Susan Costner (Crown Publishers, 1982)

Mocha Magic Truffles

12 ounces good-quality semi-sweet chocolate
4 Tablespoons unsalted butter, softened
1/2 cup coffee-flavored liqueur or strong black coffee
Unsweetened cocoa powder
Break chocolate into very small pieces. Melt in a double boiler over barely simmering water. Transfer to mixing bowl; beat in butter. Add liqueur; beating all the while to keep mixture creamy and smooth. Chill 1 to 2 hours until firm.

Roll between palms of hands into 1-inch balls. Roll balls in cocoa, shaking off excess. Equally divide between two pint-size freezer bags; remove excess air and seal. Freeze up to six months. This kitchen-tested recipe makes about 2 dozen truffles..

Touch-of Orange Truffles

12 ounces good-quality semi-sweet chocolate
4 Tablespoons unsalted butter, softened
1/2 cup orange juice
Grated rind of 1 orange
Chopped nuts

Break chocolate into very small pieces. Melt in a double boiler over barely simmering water. Transfer to mixing bowl and beat in butter. Add orange juice and orange rind. Chill 1 to 2 hours until firm.

Roll between palms of hands into 1-inch balls. Roll truffles in chopped nuts. Equally divide between two freezer bags; remove excess air and seal.

Freeze up to six months. This kitchen-tested recipe makes about 2 dozen truffles.

White-Chocolate Truffles

12 ounces good-quality white chocolate
 1/3 cup heavy whipping cream
 4 Tablespoons, unsalted butter
 1/2 package (7 ounces) flaked coconut, toasted (see note)

Break chocolate into very small pieces. Place in mixing bowl.

In a small saucepan, combine cream and butter. Heat just to boiling; immediately pour directly over chocolate pieces. Beat by machine or by hand until smoothly blended. Chill 1 to 2 hours until firm.

Roll between palms of hands into 1-inch balls. Roll balls in coconut. Equally divide between two freezer bags; remove excess air and seal. Freeze up to six months. This kitchen-tested recipe makes about 2 dozen truffles.

Note: To toast coconut, bake on baking sheet in 350-degree oven for about 10-15 minutes, stirring often, until golden brown.

The vinegar and truffle recipes were taken from the

Sarasota Herald Tribune newspaper in Sarasota, Florida.

This is an excellent finale to your Thanksgiving dinner. The following pumpkin cheesecake recipe is the best one I've ever tried. I prefer mine a little bit "spicier" so I double the amount of spices suggested as well as adding a tablespoon of pumpkin pie spice and a teaspoon of nutmeg and a teaspoon of ground cloves. Adding a glaze of maple syrup and a garnish of pecans really dresses it up for your company.

This calorie-laden cheesecake can be made on the "lighter" side as well. You may use egg substitute, fat-free cream cheese and butter substitute (but not the powdered ones).

Pumpkin Cheesecake- Serves 14-16

For the Crust:

2 Tablespoons unsalted butter, softened
 1/3 cup gingersnaps, crumbed
 One 10" springform pan

Generously butter pan with softened butter. Sprinkle gingersnap crumbs into pan and shake in order to coat bottom and sides evenly.

For the Cheesecake:

2 lbs. cream cheese, room temperature
 1 1/2 cups packed dark brown sugar
 5 eggs
 1/4 cup flour
 2 teaspoons cinnamon
 2 teaspoons allspice
 1/2 teaspoon powdered ginger
 1/4 teaspoon salt
 2 cups (One 16-oz. can or use fresh) pumpkin puree
 Preheat oven to 325 degrees.

In large bowl, beat cream cheese until fluffy and gradually beat in brown sugar, 1 Tablespoon at a time. Add eggs, one at a time. Mix thoroughly after each addition. Sift in flour and spices. Blend well. Add pumpkin puree and mix. Pour batter into prepared springform pan.

Bake in center of oven 1 1/2 - 1 3/4 hours, or until cake pulls away from rims of pan, and inserted toothpick comes out clean. Remove from oven and cool in pan on a rack 1 hour. Refrigerate, covered, until chilled.

The cheesecake recipe came from the "Cooking with Katie" show on KOA AM 85 radio station in Denver, Colorado.

Happy Holidays!

"The story of America vindicates the power of conscience. And the American conscience has borne great fruit for the world. We have stood in a position to terrorize the earth, and instead we have offered the earth its liberty. It is wise for us to remember this now. Of course, in America there remain challenges of justice and human dignity for us to overcome. But we are a people who have time and again proven that, though we are of the same mixed nature as all other human beings, given the chance, we will eventually do what's right."—Alan Keyes

"War is an ugly thing but not the ugliest of things; the decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feelings which thinks that nothing is worth war is much worse. A man who has nothing for which he is willing to fight, nothing which is more important than his own personal safety, is a miserable creature and has no chance of being free unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself."—John Stuart Mill

Legal Notice:

I, Chris Richards, as of November 6, 2001, am claiming title & ownership of the green military Jeep M115 that has been parked on my property for the past two years. If anyone disputes this claim contact me by December 7, 2001 at (907)554-4444 or PO Box MXY, Glennallen, AK 99588.

A LOOK AT THE WEATHER

BY GEORGE CEBULA

August 2001 will be remembered for its warm and dry days. There were 20 days when the high temperature reached 70 or above and 60 was the lowest high recorded.

The high temperature for the month was 80 on the 13th (74 on Aug. 1, '00 and 85 on Aug. 2, '99).

The first freeze was on the 10th as the temperature fell to 31; this was only for a short time and most of the garden plants were spared. The temperature fell to 27 on the morning of the 31st and some of the plants were killed. There were only 3 days when the low was 32 or below and the low temperature for the month was 27 on the 31st (28 on Aug. 31, '00 and 26 on Aug. 24, '99). The average monthly temperature at McCarthy was 55.0 compared to 51.5 in Aug. '00, 53.8 in Aug. '99 and 49.8 in Aug. '98. *Silver Lake had a high temperature of 80 on the 14th (74 on Aug. 14, '00 and 82 on Aug. 3, '99).*

The low temperature at Silver Lake was 30 on the 31st (31 on Aug 17, '00 and 30 on Aug. 29, '99). The Silver Lake average temperature was 55.0 (52.5 in Aug. '00, 54.9 in Aug. '99 and 50.5 in Aug. '98).

The August precipitation at McCarthy was 0.60 inches compared with 3.29 inches in Aug. '00 and 1.47 inches in Aug. '99. There were 10 days with a trace or more of rainfall recorded, compared to 19 days in Aug. '00. *The precipitation at Silver Lake was lighter with 0.47 inches recorded (2.03 in Aug. '00 and 1.27 in Aug. '99). There were 5 days at Silver Lake with a trace or more recorded compared to 13 days in Aug. '00.*

September 2001 will be remembered for the plenty of sunshine and average precipitation. The high temperature at McCarthy was 64 on the 3rd, 10th and 15th (60 on Sept. 15, '00 and 65 on Sept. 10, '99). The low temperature was 16 on the 30th (10 on Sept. 30, '00 and 23 on Sept. 5, '99). There were 9 days with the high 60 or above and only 3 days with the low of 20 or lower.

The average monthly temperature at McCarthy was 43.9 (41.0 in Sept. '00 and 44.5 in Sept. '99). This was about 10 degrees warmer than the record 34.3 of September 1992. *Silver Lake had a high of 64 on the 11th (65 on Sept. 1, '00 and 64 on Sept. 1, '99) and a low of 22 on the 30th (15 on Sept. 30, '00 and 24 on Sept. 27, '99). The Silver Lake average temperature was 43.6 (42.2 in Sept. '00 and 44.5*

in Sept. '99).

There was no snow recorded at McCarthy in September (29.5 in Sept. '00) and the total precipitation was 2.07 inches. The average for September (1968-2000) is 2.56 inches and compares with the 10.82 inches last year, 2.77 inches in Sept. '99 and 1.79 inches in Sept. '98. There were 16 days with measurable rainfall compared with 23 days in Sept. '00. *Silver Lake's total precipitation of 1.49 inches (6.12 inches in Sept. '00 and 1.14 inches in Sept. '99). Silver Lake had 9 days with a trace or more of rainfall.*

The first 23 days of October have been a continuation of the cool and cloudy days of late September with much less precipitation. The first snow arrived on the 17th. When it finally quit the morning of the 18th there was a total of 12 inches. Total snow cover as of the 23rd was 11 inches. The lowest temperature has been 1 degree on the morning of the 23rd. Winter should be here to stay any day now.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE FROM ALASKA WHEN:

1. Your idea of a traffic jam is ten cars waiting to pass a motor home.
2. "Vacation" means going to Anchorage for the weekend.
3. You measure distance in hours.
4. You know people who have hit moose more than once.
5. Your grandparents drive through a raging snow storm at 65 miles per hour without flinching.
6. People wear hunting clothes and Carharts to social events.
7. You install motion detector lights on your house and the moose keep you awake all night activating the lights.
8. You carry jumper cables and a tow strap in your truck and your wife or girl friend knows how to use them.
9. Driving in the winter is better because the potholes are filled with snow.
10. You think sexy lingerie is tube socks and flannel pajamas.
11. You know all four seasons: almost winter, winter, still winter, and road construction.
12. It takes you 3 hours to go to the store for one item even when your in a rush because you have to stop and talk to everyone in town.

FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION

Parks shutout

IT HAS BEEN 20 years or more that we have been editorializing about the need to make national parks and refuges available to the people of America against ever-increasing efforts by professional environmentalists and the federal bureaucracy to make them playgrounds only for the elite and wealthy.

Our primary focus years ago was McKinley National Park, as it then was known, and later Denali National Park, as it has since become.

There were unrelenting efforts back then and there still are—to shut the place down, to restrict entry, to keep the road narrow and bumpy, to keep private vehicles out of the park, and to block plans for new hotel rooms.

No, no, no, was the never-ending response to any proposal to make Denali more accessible to more people in ordinary walks of life, from every state in the union.

In later years, the tax-exempt environmental lobbies revved up their engines not only to save Alaska from Alaskans but to reduce the opportunities for people to visit and enjoy other national parks across the land.

Our broader editorial goal was not to argue just for Alaska's special interests but also to speak on behalf of other Americans who were being denied entry to public lands.

This is no longer a lonely battle. At last, voices of reason are being heard in Congress expressed most recently in forceful fashion by Rep. James V. Hansen, R-Utah, chairman of the House Resources Committee.

The nation is now at the point, he said, where "we have lost the proper balance between protecting the environment and allowing the American people to enjoy their own public lands. A prompt and sharp course correction is called for."

Amen to that.

"All across America," Hansen

said, "families that want to hike, fish, picnic, swim or ride on horses, snowmobiles or personal watercraft are being shut out of the land on which they have been recreating for years. Right now, the National Park Service is trying to stop recreational fishing in the Dry Tortugas National Park in Florida, keep the public out of historic sites in Cumberland Island, Ga., and keep all cars out of the Grand Canyon."

It is not a choice of "either or," he said.

And he's right. There is a proper balance between environmental protection and the rights of Joe Sixpack and his family to enjoy the natural wonders of America.

Parks and wilderness areas are not just for the pleasure of Sierra Club executives and highfaluting eco-zealots. They are for Americans all.

(Reprinted from Voice Of The Times, Published June 16, 2001)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

10/09/01

WSEN@starband.net

Hi all, I was just reading *Cooking with Carly* and noticed she used ½ cup of CANOLA OIL in her lemon zucchini bread. This is nasty stuff! Most people have been led to believe this is healthy oil, so I thought I would send you this info to share with her and your readers. Check out this web site: <http://www.rense.com/politics5/dare.htm>.

Troy Hvass

hvassinov@hotmail.com

11/01/01

WSEN@starband.net

In your next issue please list all the Lodges in the McCarthy area. Thank You
ig61554@aol.com

Editors note: try these:

McCarthy Lodge (907)554-4402

Kennicott Glacier Lodge (907)554-4477 (winter phone 1-800-582-5128)

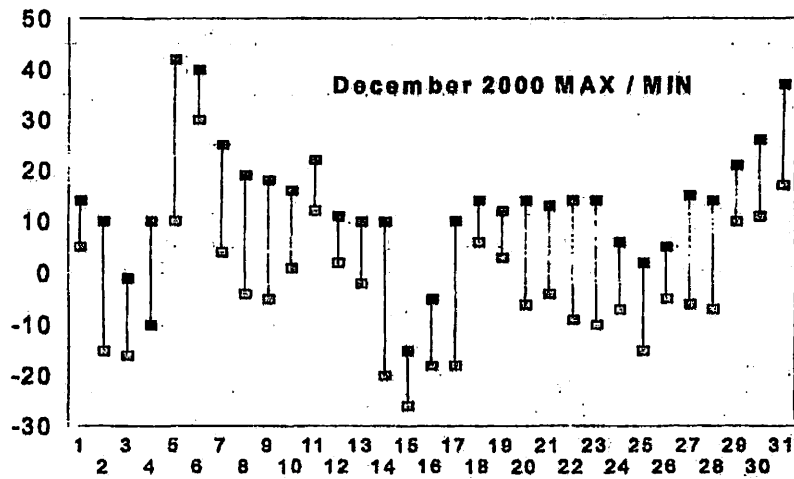
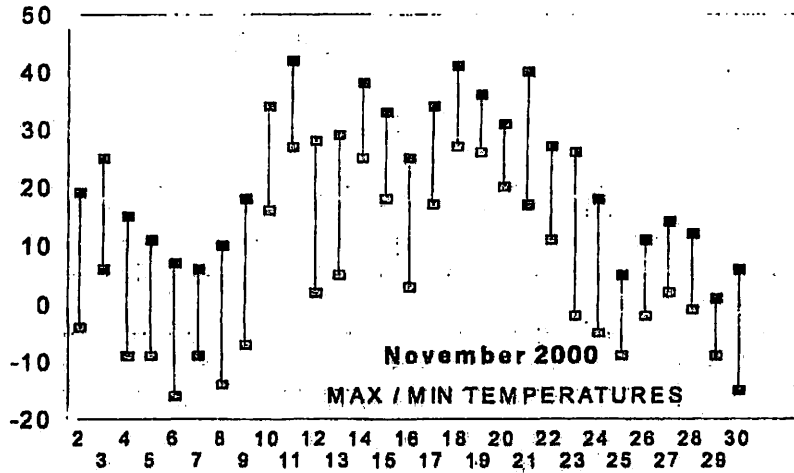
Kennicott River Lodge and Hostel (907) 554-4441 (winter phone 907-479-6822)

Also check our Online Visitor's Guide at:

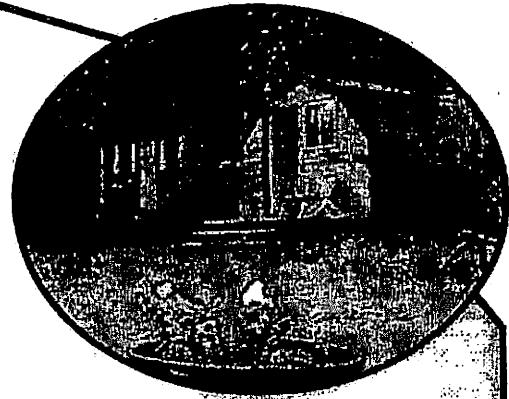
<http://www.mccarthy-kennicott.com/vg/Services>

Weather - What can we expect?

Wrangell St. Elias News
 McCarthy
 PO Box 88V
 Glennallen, AK 99588



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 St. Elias &
 News B**



- ▶ *Quiet* location away from the crowds.
- ▶ *Private* cabins for 2 to 4.
- ▶ *Convenient* access by automobile, just two miles from the footbridge.
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Phone (907)554-4454 or email wsenews@aol.com.

See us on the WEB at <http://mccarthy-kennicott.com/WSENBB.htm>

Your hosts, long-time residents Rick & Bonnie Kenyon.